

August 1985

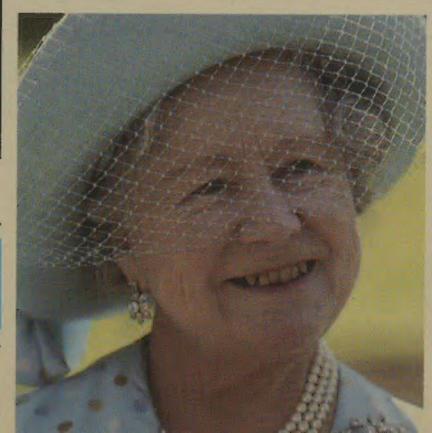
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Final report: pages 37-47



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Number 7045 Volume 273 August 1985



The Queen Mother: celebrating her 85th birthday on August 4.

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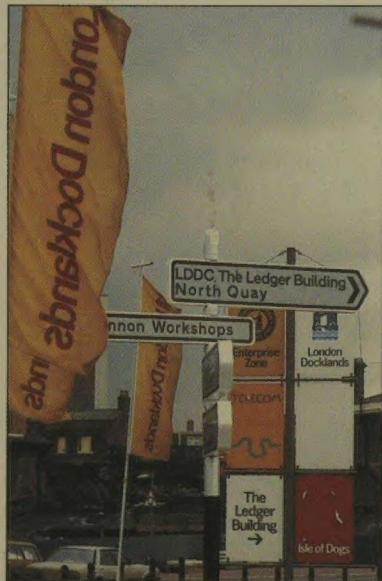
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After the Bomb: Hiroshima remembered.



London dockland: homes with a view.

The world's greatest paintings

37

Our quest for the world's greatest paintings ends with Diego Velazquez's *Las Meninas*, from the Prado Museum in Madrid (our cover picture), emerging as the most popular choice of the *ILN*'s panel of 44 art experts. **Edward Lucie-Smith** assesses the top 20 paintings, which are all illustrated, and on page 47 we give the results of the readers' competition and their rather different top 20 choices.

Encounters

20

Roger Berthoud meets Viscount Macmillan, chairman of the family publishing empire; the American opera singer Frederica Von Stade; and Duncan Bluck, chairman of the British Tourist Authority and the English Tourist Board.

The nuclear birthday

22

In a tripartite feature to mark the dropping of the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki 40 years ago, **Murray Sayle** reports on how life returned to the stricken cities, and **John Barry** assesses the impact of nuclear weapons on western Europe and presents profiles of seven pioneers of the atomic age.

The Queen Mother at 85

29

A celebration of the 85th birthday of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother with photographs of her from childhood to the present day, and an appreciation by **Norman St John-Stevas**.

The rickshaw wallahs of Calcutta

48

Rainer Krack describes the miserable, exploited life of Panchu Ray, one of thousands of men who pull rickshaws in Calcutta.

The new East-Enders

53

Tony Rocca reports on the transformation of London's dockland from a derelict wasteland into a desirable residential area.

London Notebook by Hugh Thomas

9

For the record

10

Window on the world

11

For collectors: the Coalport continuum of quality by Ursula Robertshaw

50

Archaeology: Searching through the centuries at Old Kandahar by Svend Helms

57

Travel: On safari in Tanzania by David Tennant

60

Wine: Al fresco drinking by Peta Fordham

62

Motoring: Stuart Marshall on new developments in the Saab saga

63

Letters to the Editor

64

Books: Reviews by Robert Blake, Sally Emerson and James Bishop

64

The sky at night: Mission to Amphitrite by Patrick Moore

66

Chess: Soviet domination by John Nunn

66

Bridge: Surfeit of trumps by Jack Marx

67

BRIEFING

Everything you need to know about entertainment and events in and around London: Calendar of the month's highlights (69), Theatre (70), Cinema (72), Classical Music (74), Opera (75), Popular Music (75), Ballet (76), Sport (76), London Miscellany (77), Exhibitions (78), Restaurants (80), Hotels (81), Out of town (82).

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ALFRED DUNHILL'S PHILOSOPHY:

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dunhill



It is frequently suggested that what is new about the 1970s and 80s is the incidence of "terrorism". This is not so. Though the word, like so many current in politics (including "socialism" and "liberalism") is imprecise, the pursuit of political ends by murder, including indiscriminate murder, marked the last years of the 19th century and the first of this. The best book about the motives of political terrorists remains Henry James's *The Princess Casamassima*, set in the 1880s. The anarchist who threw a bomb into the Liceo Theatre in Barcelona in 1895 (and was then executed, not imprisoned for life) was on the same moral and political level as those who sought to murder the Christmas shoppers in Harrods in 1983.

Even the consequences of terrorism were much the same before 1914 as they have been recently: namely, negative. It is hard to think of a cause in the 1880s or the 1980s which was or has seriously been advanced by these campaigns. The ideal anarchist society was as far away in 1914 as it was in 1880, and an independent Basque state or Irish unification looked to be more remote than ever. It is true that the golden age, as the years before 1914 seem falsely to be in retrospect, was brought to an end by the Bosnian terrorist's murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo. Eventually, too, Bosnia joined Serbia. But the terrorist Gavrilo Princip did not seek a world war.

The real difference between the present wave of terrorism and that of the early years of the century is the part played by television.

I did not follow minutely the coverage of the recent Beirut hostage crisis on American television. But it is clear that the different networks struggled to produce competing heart-rending interviews with captives and kidnappers. Television men of the world united to draw provocative replies from the President, the Secretary of State, the National Security Adviser and so on. The excitement was kept up, with no apportionment of blame; the President was as much to be criticized if he were to threaten action as if he were to do nothing.

The moral is obvious and fortunately it has begun to be realized: that television is not a source of communication. It is a fungus which threatens

the foundations of civilized society. Neither films nor television can communicate ideas or arguments. They can only communicate emotions. Surely the world has had quite enough emotion in the 20th century. To a few this truth has been evident for years. Though the fungus has got far further in the US than anywhere else, it was in Britain as long ago as the election of 1959 that it began to be evident that the campaign was being determined by the new "medium". The local meeting, the heart of old politics, already adversely affected by radio, began to be no longer worthwhile.

There were other consequences. Weekly papers, damaged by the wireless, lost circulation steadily. By 1970 the number of adults who would settle down after dinner to reading—the only occupation where intellect and imagination are both exercised—began to drop. Children, here as in the US, began to spend hours of their most experimental years sitting in front of the small screen. Sing-songs round the piano and family games became a thing of the past. Family discussions became confined to argu-

ments about which knobs to turn, and conversations in the office became more and more, as in America, about whether such and such fifth-rate programme had been well done or not the previous night.

The rise in crime began in the early 1950s also. There appears to be a rough coincidence between crime in modern industrial societies and ownership of television sets. Anyone who finds this puzzling should look at the average diet offered by the main channels even in this "gentle" country on an average Saturday evening. Lord Lane's recent remarks on the stimulation given to violence by horrifying crimes depicted as entertainment are apposite.

In the US, meanwhile, television was scoring its biggest success by taking advantage of the Nixon administration's squeamishness about admitting it was actually at war in Vietnam and imposing a censorship. This squeamishness has, incidentally, affected all governments since 1945. None of us have been at war in the last 40 years except when the "conflict" is over; at the time it is, as the colonel

said to the adjutant in *Kim*, "punishment not war".

Even before that, in Cuba in 1959 and 1960, Castro was brilliantly using his mastery of television to establish his unexpected and unwanted version of communism on an extremely intelligent and relatively rich country—the relative richness being specially evident from the fact that that lovely but unfortunate island had, as a result of high-pressure US salesmanship in the 1950s, more television receivers than there were in Italy. "Revolution by television" was also practised in a more subtle but equally successful way by de Gaulle in France, thereby perhaps delaying the British entry into the European Community by 10 years and the formation of a genuine common market in Europe for a generation.

Since Britain joined the EEC in 1973, television has prevented the development of anything like participation in a real European culture by this country. Our ineffable provincialism has been enhanced by middle-brow entertainers whose features are certainly known to millions, but only British millions. The centripetal character of British life, with its emphasis on the capital, has equally been enhanced. Television is a motor of uniformity, its directors seeking to impose upon an inert nation the same tastes in food, fashion, music and probably, in the end, politics.

Now with the rise of terrorism it would seem that one has only to kick in the face of a naval diver to be sure of appearing on the networks—not only of the country concerned but the world. Television in Spain made a junior colonel in the Civil Guard for the first time an international figure when he carried out his *opéra bouffe* attempted *coup d'état* in 1981.

That the British House of Commons should now, after holding the fungus at bay for 30 years, be seriously considering televising its proceedings, must be a sign that barbarism is well within the gate.

Fungi do not die. They do, however, become out of season. One day television will be so, too. But what will be left behind?

HUGH THOMAS



US television capitalises on the plight of Captain John Testrake and his crew by broadcasting an exclusive interview with them from their hijacked aircraft.

Hugh Thomas's historical studies include *Havannah*, a novel recently published by Hamish Hamilton. He is chairman of the Centre for Policy Studies.

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, June 10

The Israeli army announced its withdrawal from Lebanon had been completed. Shortly before that two rockets hit an Israeli settlement in West Galilee and a helicopter gunship was pulled back into operation in the security zone.

Tuesday, June 11

The United States handed over four people convicted of espionage in exchange for 23 people held in Polish and East German prisons as foreign agents.

Mrs Barbara Castle, 74, former Social Services Secretary, was replaced as leader of the British Labour group in the European Parliament by Alfred Lomas, 57, an anti-marketeer.

Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev demanded a complete overhaul of industry, decentralization, material incentives, improvement in product quality, planning and management, and a drastic pruning of overmanned ministries in the Soviet Union.

Wednesday, June 12

Spain and Portugal signed treaties of accession to the European Economic Community.

Shia Muslim gunmen blew up a Jordanian passenger jet at Beirut airport; in retaliation a young Palestinian, who later gave himself up, hijacked a Lebanese aircraft in Cyprus.

Thursday, June 13

John Paul Getty Jnr, the American multimillionaire, promised £50 million to the National Gallery, with a first instalment of £20 million.

Friday, June 14

Lebanese Shia Muslim gunmen seized a TWA Boeing 727 jet on a scheduled flight from Athens to Rome. The hijackers, who demanded the release of over 700 Shia Muslim prisoners held by Israel, shot one American male passenger. After a three-day shuttle between Beirut and Algerian airports, they released some women and children, and some men who were ill, but held 40 American men while negotiations proceeded between the Red Cross and other officials and the Lebanese Amal Shia leader, Nabih Berri. The hostages were later dispersed in the suburbs of Beirut, except for the flight deck crew, who were kept on the aircraft. After 16 days in captivity on June 30 the 39 remaining hostages (one more had been released earlier) were freed in Beirut, driven in a Red Cross convoy to Damascus and then flown to a United States air base near Frankfurt, West Germany.

South African troops raided Botswana in alleged pursuit of ANC members, 13 of whom were killed together with a six-year-old child and a Dutch insurance official.

Saturday, June 15

The annual rate of inflation in Britain rose to 7 per cent in May, the highest for two and a half years.

Ron Todd won the rerun of the Transport and General Workers Union election for general secretary with a margin over George Wright almost double that in last year's challenged election.

The 21 Finnish soldiers held captive for eight days by the South Lebanese Army were freed.

The Queen's birthday honours included knighthoods for Gordon Shattock and Donald Maclean, Conservative Party officials whose wives were killed by the IRA bomb in Brighton, and for Dr Anthony Trafford who treated many of the victims. David Attenborough, the naturalist and broadcaster, and Neville Marriner, the conductor, also received knighthoods; Sir Walter Marshall, chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board, and Bob Mellish, former Housing Minister and Labour Chief Whip,



Alliance victor, top: Richard Livsey welcomed to the Commons by Dr David Owen, Michael Hancock, Clement Freud, David Steel and Roy Jenkins. Above left, the late Percy Fender, the former Test cricketer. Above right, Bob Mellish, the former Labour Chief Whip, honoured with a peerage in the Queen's birthday honours.

received life peerages. Philip Larkin, the poet, was among the Companions of Honour.

Percy Fender, former captain of Surrey and English Test cricketer, died aged 92.

Sunday, June 16

Robert Maxwell, the publisher, announced a £12 million rescue deal for Sir Clive Sinclair's ailing home computer company, Sinclair Research.

Monday, June 17

The Government approved British Leyland's £1.8 million investment plan which involved the development of a new engine and greatly extended collaboration with Honda, including a shared development of a new car.

John Boultling, the film producer and director, died aged 71.

Tuesday, June 18

The Government announced that pensions, unemployment payment and most other social service benefits would rise by 7 per cent in November, parallel with the increase in the cost of living. Child benefit would rise by less than the rate of inflation and some rate rebates would be cut.

15 people were killed, including four American marines, when gunmen opened fire on a cafe in San Salvador.

England beat Australia in the first Test at Headingley by five wickets.

Wednesday, June 19

Two children and a man were killed and 42 people injured by a bomb left by Arab extremists in the departure hall at Frankfurt airport.

A car bomb in Tripoli killed at least 60 men, women and children and injured more than 50 people.

Thursday, June 20

£987 million of aid debts to Britain owed by 21 of the world's poorest countries were cancelled under the Retrospective Terms Adjustment

which was set up in 1978.

Friday, June 21

An international medical panel concluded that the body exhumed in São Paulo two weeks earlier was that of Josef Mengele, the "angel of death" at Auschwitz concentration camp.

Sunday, June 23

An Air India Boeing 727 en route from Toronto to Bombay via Heathrow blew up off the coast of Ireland, killing all 329 people on board.

Two freight handlers were killed in Narita airport, Japan, by a bomb hidden in a suitcase unloaded from a Canadian Pacific airliner from Vancouver.

An IRA time-delay bomb was defused and made safe at the Rubens Hotel, in London. Over 20 people were questioned by police in Scotland and a plan to terrorise 12 seaside towns in the south of England by time-delay bombs set to explode at the height of the holiday season was discovered. A cache of explosives was also found at a Glasgow flat. Three women and four men were later charged with terrorist offences, one of the men with the Brighton bomb attack in which five people were killed last October.

Monday, June 24

Valentine Dyall, the actor, died aged 77.

Tuesday, June 25

The National Union of Railmen decided to hold ballots of its members before calling strikes.

Wednesday, June 26

British Rail announced it had lost 10 per cent of its coal traffic, worth £28 million, as a result of the miners' strike.

Eight blacks were killed and seven injured in hand grenade incidents in townships near Johannesburg. Limpet mines destroyed a bulk fuel depot, a power station and a dam in the Transkei Homeland.

Thursday, June 27

Britain's trade figures for May were the best for over a year: a current account surplus of £724 million.

Friday, June 28

EEC leaders met in Milan to discuss proposed changes to the Treaty of Rome which would result in a restriction of the number of decisions that could be subjected to the veto. A vote for a further conference on this subject in October was carried by seven votes to three, Britain being one of the opposers.

Sunday, June 30

More than 200 people were injured and 52 were arrested in Dublin after a rock concert and a carnival. Shops in Grafton Street were looted.

Monday, July 1

A bomb in a suitcase exploded at Rome airport injuring 12 people; and another wrecked the British Airways office and TWA's administrative office at Madrid, killing a woman and injuring 12 people.

Grigory Romanov was replaced in the Soviet Politburo by Eduard Shevardnadze, 57, a supporter of Mikhail Gorbachev. The following day Andrei Gromyko, 75, Foreign Minister for 28 years, was nominated President and Mr Shevardnadze replaced him as Foreign Minister.

Tuesday, July 2

The General Synod of the Church of England approved a motion enabling the ordination of women deacons, but opposed Sunday trading.

Australia won the Second Test at Lord's, beating England by four wickets.

Wednesday, July 3

Israel released 300 Lebanese prisoners from Atlet detention camp in northern Israel and stated that the release of the remaining 430 would depend on "the security situation along the border" with Lebanon.

At the annual conference of the National Union of Mineworkers at Sheffield delegates voted to dismiss from NUM employment the two working Nottinghamshire miners' leaders, Roy Lynn and David Prendergast. They also voted in favour of changes to the rule book which give more power to the national executive and less autonomy to the areas. On July 6 the Nottinghamshire miners' leaders voted to leave the NUM and form their own union.

Thursday, July 4

Britain's unemployment figures for June fell by 62,365 to 3,178,582, the lowest since August 1979.

In the Brecon and Radnor by-election the Liberal-SDP Alliance candidate Richard Livsey beat Labour into second place after a recount with a majority of 559. The Conservatives, who in the general election had a majority of 8,784, came third.

Friday, July 5

The £ rose to \$1.32, the highest for almost a year.

Sunday, July 7

Boris Becker, aged 17, from West Germany, became the first unseeded player to win the men's singles at Wimbledon, beating Kevin Curren 6-3, 6-7, 7-6, 6-4.

Martina Navratilova won her sixth ladies' singles championship at Wimbledon, defeating Chris Lloyd 4-6, 6-3, 6-2. The men's doubles were won by Heinz Guenthardt and Balazs Taroczy; the women's doubles by Kathy Jordan and Elizabeth Smylie; and the mixed doubles by Martina Navratilova and Paul McNamee.

Having won 63 out of 79 seats, Robert Mugabe, Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, warned that he would soon abrogate the Lancaster House constitution, seek a one-party state and abolish the 20 reserved white seats.

A 43-page parliamentary report on the Heysel football stadium riot in Belgium in which 38 people died divided the blame between the Liverpool fans and Belgian "over-sights, deficiencies and lacunae".

Monday, July 8

The United Kingdom lifted its ban on imports from Argentina, imposed during the Falklands War.

Eight people were killed and 67 injured when the Le Havre-Paris express hit a lorry on an unmanned level crossing in Normandy.

Tuesday, July 9

Two suicide bombers, one a woman, killed at least 15 people in southern Lebanon. In retaliation Israel launched a strike against Palestinian guerrillas in northern Lebanon, killing at least three people and injuring 29.

At least 10 people were shot dead by police during riots in black townships east of Johannesburg before the funerals of four youths killed by hand grenades in June. Bishop Desmond Tutu intervened to save the life of a black youth in danger of death from a lynch mob who suspected him of being a police informer.

The death toll in the outbreak of Legionnaires' disease in Stafford was revised upwards to 46.

The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg died aged 89.

Wednesday, July 10

Two explosions wrecked and sank *Rainbow Warrior*, the flagship of the Greenpeace environmental group, in Auckland Harbour, New Zealand, killing one man. The vessel had been about to lead a protest flotilla to the French nuclear test site at Mururoa atoll.

Thursday, July 11

22 British holidaymakers were injured and a coach driver and a motorist were killed when a coach crashed on a pass near Innsbruck in Austria.

The Labour Chief Whip Michael Cocks announced he would resign in the autumn.

Bombs exploded in two cafés in Kuwait, killing at least 11 people and injuring 89.

Joshua Nkomo, the Opposition leader in Zimbabwe, blamed Prime Minister Robert Mugabe for a week of rioting, looting and assaults in townships following speeches made by him after the election results were announced.

Friday, July 12

British Airways agreed to pay £35 million in settlement of the action brought against it and 11 other airlines by Laker Airlines for alleged attempts to drive it out of business. The action was delaying the privatization of BA. A separate offer of £5.7 million was made to Sir Freddie Laker.

The big oil companies led by BP cut the price of petrol by 6p a gallon.

23 RUC men were hurt in a day of clashes after security forces prevented an Orange Day parade from entering Roman Catholic areas.

The Queen Mother began an eight-day official visit to Canada.

Saturday, July 13

President Reagan underwent a successful three-hour operation for removal of a cancerous growth from his colon.

The Live Aid rock concert, organized by Bob Geldof, raised more than £50 million for famine relief.

Sir Clive Sinclair was sued for £1.5 million by Hoover, manufacturers of his C5 electric tricycle, over work done between November, 1984 and June, 1985.

Sunday, July 14

The New Zealand Rugby Union abandoned a proposed tour of South Africa by the All Blacks because of South Africa's apartheid policies.



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REX FEATURES

Out of captivity: The last 39 hostages, all American men, held by Shia Muslim terrorists since gunmen took over the TWA aircraft on June 14, finally reached freedom when they arrived at a US air base in Frankfurt on June 30, left and above. The women and children, and some men who were ill, had been released; but a US navy diver had been shot, other hostages dispersed in the suburbs of Beirut, and the flight deck crew had been kept on the aircraft. The captain, John Testrake, was under continuous threat, top. After the hostages' arrival the Israelis freed 300 of the 730 Lebanese prisoners whose release had been demanded by the terrorists.

Rain compounds Sudan disaster

The long-awaited rains have brought chaos rather than 'relief' to the famine-stricken Sudan. In the eastern region, where the Wad Sherife camp has been swollen to some 100,000 souls by refugees from Ethiopia's Eritrea, the rains threaten to spread an outbreak of cholera as they wash the diarrhoea from the camp's guarded isolation unit into surrounding areas. In the western region, where there had been no rain for five years, the minimal available air, road and rail transport has been rendered useless as the ground turned to mud and floods breached the railway line. Relief workers had known for months that if the rains came, an already serious situation could become disastrous. In the event the resulting chaos has exceeded their worst fears. The absence of central co-ordination, the corruption of the previous Nimeiry régime and the lingering civil war in the south have been further obstacles to effective western relief operations. Meanwhile dozens of dedicated doctors and nurses from the developed world have been working around the clock in appalling conditions, in temperatures often exceeding 115°F, with frequent sandstorms before the rains, and numerous scorpions. The shortage of medical supplies, especially for treating cholera, remains acute. At Wad Sherife camp Dr Egil Sorensen, a Norwegian seconded to the Swiss Red Cross team, said there were only 6,000 litres of Ringer lactate solution—enough to treat 800 patients, well below the likely total: unless cholera patients are helped shortly after the symptoms are diagnosed, they are likely to die within 24 hours. Official Sudanese reluctance to admit the cholera epidemic has further hampered full-scale medical action.

Photographs by Brian Harris/Impact



A boy being tended by his father in the cholera ward at Wad Sherife camp. Above: Doctors say the disease has reached epidemic proportions. The three-year-old girl, right, Girba North, is being checked for symptoms of tuberculosis. Already suffering from malnutrition, 24 hours after this photograph was taken she developed pneumonia when torrential rain flooded the hospital, and later died.

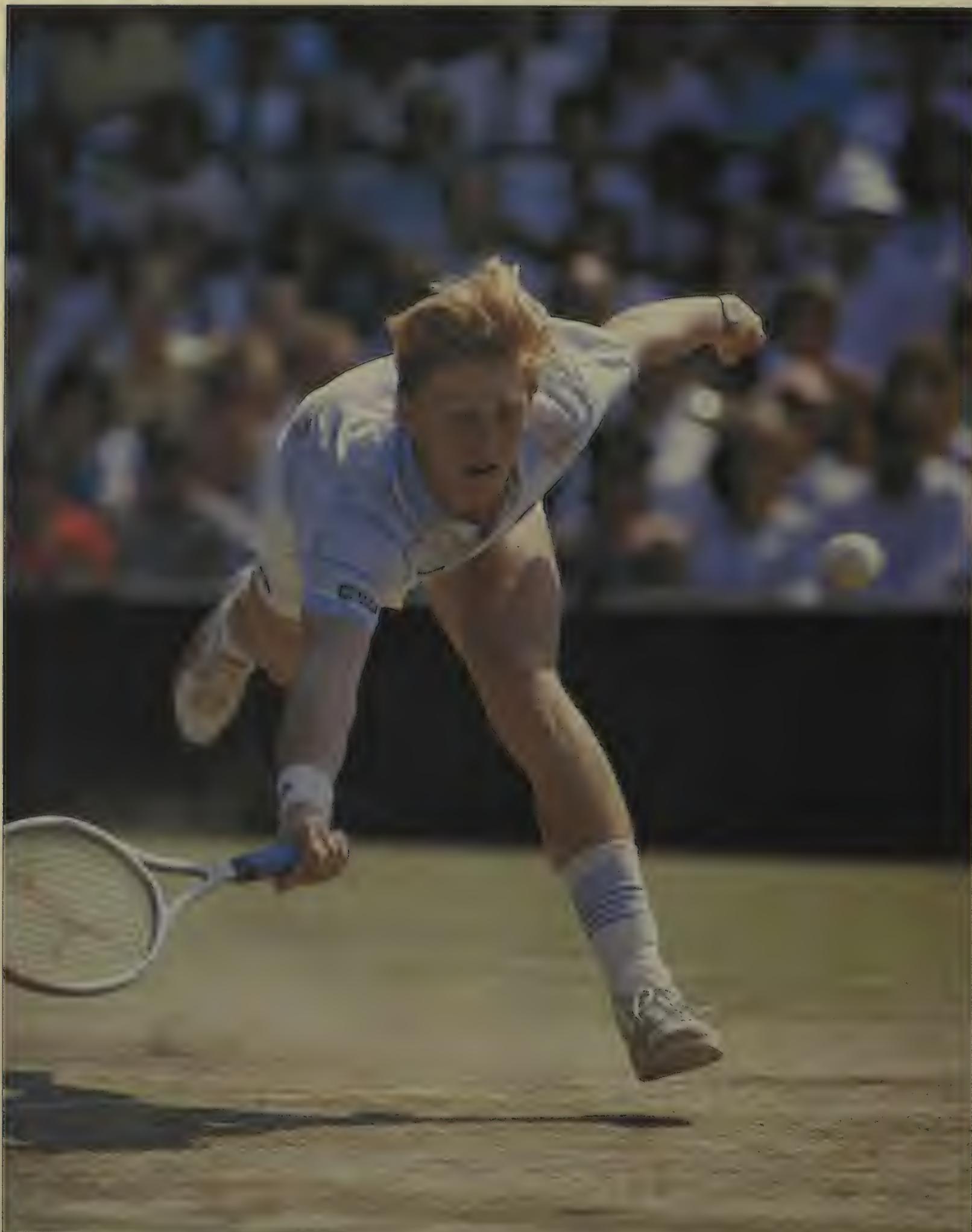
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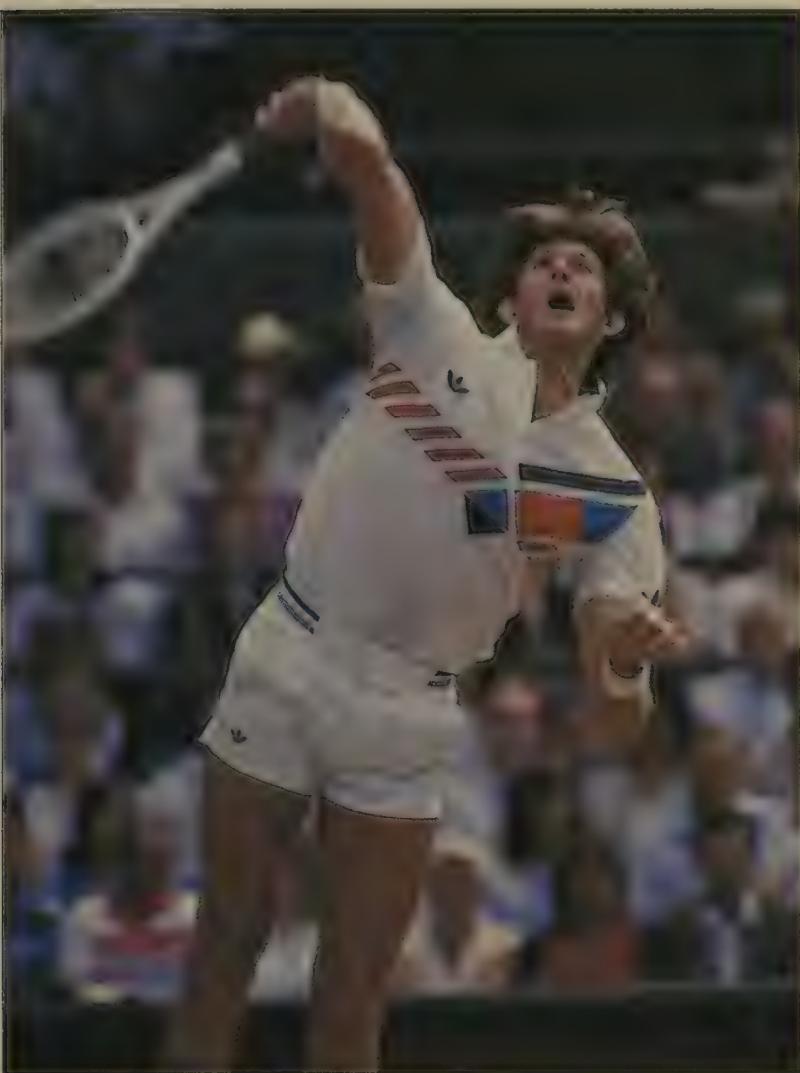


The floods swamped the camp at Girba North at 3 am and the next morning children played on islands in the water, top, where tents had been washed away. More than 1,000 families were made homeless yet again. The brother and sister, right, trudge through the mud with drinking water which has to be fetched from a stand pipe. At the same camp, above, relations mourn a young woman who died from total circulatory collapse, an hour after giving birth to a stillborn child.





Wimbledon Wunderkind: Boris Becker, 17-year-old tennis player from West Germany, on his way to winning the men's singles at Wimbledon. In a final which lasted 3 hours 18 minutes, Becker beat Kevin Curren 6-3, 6-7, 7-6, 6-4, to become the first German, the first unseeded player and the youngest to be men's singles champion.



ALLSPORT



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Kevin Curren, aged 27, the eighth seed, above left, formerly from South Africa, now a US citizen, had already beaten the last two Wimbledon champions, John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors, in straight sets to reach the final. Becker, above right, with the trophy after his win which earned him £130,000.



ALLSPORT



ALLSPORT



ALLSPORT

After winning her sixth Wimbledon singles title by beating Chris Lloyd, Martina Navratilova went on to win the mixed doubles with Paul McNamee, above. Kathy Jordan and Elizabeth Smylie, both of the US, left, won the women's doubles, beating the holders Martina Navratilova and Pam Shriver. The men's doubles champions were Heinz Guenthardt of Switzerland and Balazs Taroczy of Hungary, above left.



Music for the starving: The Live Aid concert organized by the pop star Bob Geldof in aid of famine relief for Africa raised over £50 million. About 1,500 million people in 160 countries tuned in to the shows beamed by 14 satellites from the John F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia and from Wembley Stadium, above, where

72,000 fans, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, watched the performance live, and where all 72 musicians and technicians gave their services free. Other live contributions came from Yugoslavia, Austria, West Germany and the Soviet Union. The money raised came from ticket sales, TV rights and donations.

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ENCOUNTERS

AUG 85

with Roger Berthoud

The ennobling of a Macmillan

Four weeks of last year changed much in the life of Alexander Macmillan. On February 9 his grandfather Harold, the former Prime Minister, accepted an hereditary earldom. Consequently Alexander's father, Maurice Macmillan MP, became a viscount—only to die on March 10. So, at the age of 40, Alexander became not just Viscount Macmillan, with the prospect of a seat in the Lords as the second Earl of Stockton, but chairman of the family publishing empire in succession to his father, whose deputy he had been.

It could not, as they say, have happened to a nicer man. Alex, as he is known at Macmillan's, is a plump, very genial, entertaining and relaxed former journalist, the Macmillan features shrouded in a generous dark beard. How much easier life is for the third generation than for the second,

he mused in his small chairman's office in Little Essex Street, WC2. "My father had a more difficult time of it, especially as he decided to go into politics. He suffered in himself: although he rose to be Secretary of State, a member of the Cabinet and a Privy Councillor, because he never made it to Number 10 he never thought of himself as a success. He was kept back by my grandfather being in power when he was a young MP, the generations having been quite close together—Adam Butler (son of R.A.) has been luckier."

Becoming chairman of Macmillan's has meant, mainly, more work in the office and more outside commitments. He has become involved in some causes his father helped, and is in greater demand as a speaker—within publishing because he is chairman (he successfully led the campaign against

VAT on books) and outside it sometimes because he is Viscount Macmillan. His father was 64 when he died during heart surgery. "He was told the odds were 2 to 1 in his favour, and he said he had won a lot of money on those odds in his day." In a family firm it does not seem eerie to move up the corridor into your father's office, he said. "But every week some piece of paper comes across my desk which I would have loved to have asked him how he would deal with it, how did it happen. Not to have that wisdom and probity and common sense constantly available is awful."

He never planned to go into the family business. "I wanted to be a newspaperman from the age of eight, and later I wanted to go into television." From Eton he went to the Ecole Politique in Paris for two years,

which gave him fluent French and some economics and politics, and then to the University of Strathclyde, then plain Glasgow Polytechnic. As one of the first batch of 50 arts students, he noticed it lacked a student organ, and spent most of the next two years writing and editing a tabloid student newspaper which in that time achieved a weekly sale of 14,000. He made much money but failed his exams, was sent down and found a job on the *Glasgow Herald* newspaper.

"There I came under the wing of George MacDonald Fraser, who became the author of the Flashman novels and was then deputy editor—a large and lovely Lowlander, equal in his knowledge of the Old Testament and of the 40 best brands of malt whisky. He taught me my craft." Two years later, anxious to become a foreign correspondent, he joined the *Daily Telegraph*, ending up as a Paris-based roving reporter for the *Sunday Telegraph*. He was still a bachelor and much enjoyed travelling the world at Lord Hartwell's expense—filing, naturally, some good stories, like a world scoop on de Gaulle's switch from the Israeli to the Arab side.

"Then, in 1970, Mr Heath won a general election and three days later my father was in the government. He rang me up and said, 'Would you come in, as it's not fair to leave grandpapa alone there'. At first I planned to stay at Macmillan's only as long as my father was in the government—I had done a bit of television, and wanted to go into that. But I came to like it here, and of course it's a thing working for yourself." He and his half-Scottish, half-Norwegian wife have three children, a flat in Chelsea, and a house on the family estate in Sussex.

The old firm weathered the crisis in publishing of three years back better than most, he reckons—though staff was reduced by more than 15 per cent—and is doing well. The group is very diversified, the 24 publications of its journals division having the biggest turnover; followed by the academic division, which includes all those reference books; educational books and materials; and general publishing, in that order: a flourishing round hole, seemingly, with a very round peg fitting in happily at the top.

La dame aux beaux plombages

Some funny things happened to the American mezzo-soprano Frederica Von Stade on her way to stardom, like working for a year as an *au pair* girl in Paris, aged 19, then earning pin-money while at music school in New York selling monogrammed playing cards and stationery at Tiffany's, singing in cocktail bars—customers were not expected to listen, and didn't—and even, once, entertaining executives of the Winchester Rifle Company at something called an industrial, a conference with a floor show about the product.



Lord Macmillan: when father joined Heath's government, he left Fleet Street to help grandpapa. Portrait by Caroline Forbes.



Frederica Von Stade: fans of quality.

In her last year at the Mannes College of Music she won a semi-final of the Metropolitan Opera's music competition and was given a contract at the Met by the great Rudolf Bing after a further audition. Success came quickly thereafter. There was music in the family: great-aunt Elinore Steele was a soprano and married the tenor Clovis Hall, though later she settled on a ranch in Idaho with a much younger husband. Frederica's father studied the piano until he was called up—he was killed at Aachen in 1945, shortly before she was born. Her mother subsequently married a diplomat, and they lived in Athens for a time before she divorced and settled down to work for the CIA in Washington. Frederica's brother also had a good voice and used to sing with Yale University's delightfully named harmony group, the Whiffen Poofs—very macho, she assured me with a twinkle.

"As a child I was always being asked to sing at parties or at any gathering of four or five or more people—to a point where I hated it," she recalled when I met her with her husband, Peter Elkus, at the Royal Opera House (where she has been singing in Rossini's *La donna del lago*). As for the German name, it went back to her great grandfather, who settled in New York and established a business importing bristles for brushes. Her own German is minimal. Though she is happy singing in that language (Octavian in Strauss's *Rosenkavalier* is a favourite role), she had made her name more by deploying her lightish, pure voice, outstanding musicality and witty acting in the Italian and French repertory, notably Mozart, Rossini, Monteverdi, Offenbach and Massenet.

She and her husband live on Long Island with their two daughters, aged seven and five, and she restricts foreign engagements to school holidays, when they can all come along, too, and stay in a rented house. He is a tall, handsome, courteously friendly American baritone. They met at music school and when they married he turned to teaching so they could travel in the

same direction. For four happy years they lived in Paris.

"Flicka" Von Stade has the sort of looks, charm and artistry that attract fans: indeed, a bunch of Von Stade groupies was waiting patiently outside the stage door an hour after her London recital. Stars doubtless get the fans they deserve, and hers are pleasant and do not importune. "Opera's a bit of a sport," she said. "Hitting the high C is a bit like serving an ace. It's wonderful and exciting that there is that kind of interest."

"Some of those who wait outside want you to sign a programme or something. There are a few people who travel vast distances. Some know an enormous amount about opera and are very supportive. Others write letters. I'm very appreciative of the kindness, though I can't keep up with all the correspondence. I have had someone say, 'You have marvellous fillings—who does your dentistry?'" She laughed a pretty but dentally unrevealing laugh, as a whole exciting new approach to opera-going opened up before me.

Dispelling myths about tourism



Duncan Bluck: no danger of sinking.

Welcome to Britain, dear tourists, but please don't all come in the high season and please spread yourselves around our many areas of historic and natural beauty. That, in broad terms, is the message from Duncan Bluck, the businessman (Swire Group, Hong Kong, previously chairman of its Cathay Pacific Airways) who in 1984 took over as chairman of both the British Tourist Authority and the English Tourist Board. The BTA promotes Britain abroad, the ETB promotes the industry's development within England.

As for the English themselves, Mr Bluck trusts they will not take a successful tourist industry for granted. Some people, he finds, still regard it as in some way lightweight—not as serious as producing goods. "Since the Industrial Revolution the services industries have been at the bottom of

the pile," he observed when we met at his office near Victoria station. "Some people don't seem to think they represent real honest toil. Yet last year £5.4 billion were spent in Britain by overseas visitors, and £6.1 billion by domestic travellers in Britain, giving an annual turnover of £11.5 billion.

"So tourism is an enormous industry. It's without doubt our biggest growth industry, and it employs 1.3 million people in Britain—in Wales, for example, though it has quite a small tourist industry, twice as many people are employed in it as in coal and steel together. We forecast that it will create 50,000 new jobs a season, although at the growth rate of the last two years it is creating some 80,000. It's an enormous figure," he said with justifiable pride.

Away, therefore, with any feeling that tourism is something to be suffered, gladly or otherwise. Away perhaps with the word tourist: he prefers to speak of visitors or travellers. Their foreign currency aside, there is no difference between tourists from overseas and travelling Britons, he points out. Travelling Yorkshiremen or Scots help keep English stately homes, London theatres or Harrods going as well as foreigners, and overall spend slightly more. Away, too, with the notion that sterling's "weakness" allows us to sit back and watch the Americans pouring in. In fact the dollar has strengthened more against the Deutsche Mark and French franc, so France and Germany should gain more, he said. "We can't afford to be complacent. The American with disposable funds has to be persuaded that he should come here."

With nearly 14 million overseas visitors last year (Italy had 46 million) and 16 million expected this year, some people fear we may sink under the volume of people on the island, he admitted. "But I don't see it that way. I believe the year-round occupancy rate of visitors' accommodation outside London is 52 per cent, so in mathematical terms you could double the number of visitors without adding a hotel room.

"There is a tremendous effort on our part, and from others, to spread the visitors around Britain and around the year." Britain gets by far the biggest share of Americans travelling to Europe, who formed 22 per cent of our overseas visitors last year; and the first-timers tend to stick to the London to Cotswolds to Stratford-upon-Avon to Edinburgh route. The BTA's offices in the USA are promoting destinations like Yorkshire, Wales and the Lake District (nothing too novel at first!) in partnership with airlines, tour operators and so on. Mr Bluck is also keen to have a go at them in London, which 60 per cent never leave. He hopes a centrally located Travel Information Bureau will be in operation next spring, giving information about attractions and accommodation throughout Britain, with travel and hotel booking facilities.

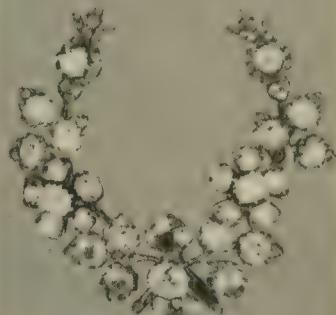


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THE NUCLEAR BIRTHDAY

The atomic age is officially 40 years old. On August 6 and 9, 1945, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were devastated by the first and last atom bombs to be used as weapons of war. About 240,000 Japanese were killed, and the Second World War came to an end. In this tripartite feature we report on how life came back to the stricken cities, profile seven pioneers of the atomic era and assess the impact of nuclear weapons on western Europe.

WHERE GRIEVING HAD TO STOP

by Murray Sayle

In Japan today Hiroshima is as famous for its baseball team and oysters as for the Bomb, while in Nagasaki Christianity flourishes anew.

"Daddy," my bright young son asked me, "why did the Americans drop the atom bomb on the Peace Park?" I started to explain: "It all happened a long time ago . . ." and then managed to change the subject. We were making a family pilgrimage by road and ferry from Tokyo to Hiroshima and thence to Nagasaki, to see how the martyred cities were faring 40 years on. August is high summer in Japan and we were prepared for crowded streets and fully booked hotels, but not the non-stop stream of questions. How do you explain the idea of war to a six-year-old, let alone its ultimate horrors, especially when he goes to school with the children of the one-time enemy?

But, it must be said, outside of war Hiroshima is not a very interesting place. It is all, of course, brand new, but then so is practically every Japanese city, rebuilt over ruins or torn apart by developers' bulldozers in the rare areas the bombs missed. The only exception is the exquisite Kyoto, originally intended as the first atom bomb target ("it has," reported US Air Force Intelligence in 1945, "a high proportion of wooden structures") and spared by the personal intervention of Joseph C. Grew, American Ambassador to Tokyo in the decade leading up to Pearl Harbour.



power of a new invention, just at the point in history when someone did.

The bomb exploded 1,500 feet above the city (to maximize the blast) almost exactly over the T-bridge, a result of the skill of the crew of the B-29 "Enola Gay" and the absence of any form of opposition, flak or fighters, on that cloudless August morning. The area below, a typical Japanese city centre, with a hospital and municipal buildings rising amid a jumble of bars, brothels and shops, was pulverized. This is now the Peace Park, with the T-bridge marking its northern end and the former Industry Promotion Hall, now the A-Bomb Dome, just across the river.

So a city which had never had a proper, processional centre or ever, apparently, felt the need for one, now has a huge clearing at its heart connected with and, indeed, caused by the event for which Hiroshima will always be remembered. A small boy's puzzle, therefore has, in a way, an answer: if you want to know why the



Hiroshima 1945, top, after the first atom bomb had been dropped on the city. The ruin of the Industry Promotion Hall is almost all that remains. In 1985, above, the derelict building, renamed the A-Bomb Dome, is at the centre of the Peace Park.

mother and child (universal symbols of innocence) lieing in dazed terror from a life-like, all-consuming fire. Charred scraps of school uniform are, I can testify, heart-searing for people whose children wear almost identical uniforms. Over the display looms a huge replica of the bomb, painted black and bursting with menace—but with no human or historical reference as if it had built itself, and dropped itself on the city.

Outside in the park a black slab of marble covered with a concrete arch marks the presumed epicentre of the bomb. The stone is inscribed, in Japanese, "The Mistake will not be repeated". But which mistake, the war or the bomb, why was it a mistake, and why can we hope that it will not be repeated? All these questions trouble the visitor to Hiroshima.

Not far away, two men with limbs missing are beggars, a rare sight in Japan. They expose their artificial legs and they wear something resembling Japanese Imperial Army uniforms. But, after a surge of sympathy, we see that they are frauds, far too young to have had anything to do with the atom bomb. However they were mutilated, we can safely assume that they are now practising a business, inheriting, no doubt, pitches where genuine victims of Hiroshima long ago disappeared that tourists were likely to be in a generous mood. Looking around, we see that many people are earning a living in the "flash-bang business" as the locals call it—sellers of Hiroshima shopping bags and souvenirs paper-weight in the shape of the A-Bomb Dome alongside the vendors of trinkets and packets of bird-seed for the Peace Park pigeons (who are in the houses themselves, being rounded up in bamboo cages once a year and released as Doves of Peace next morning, at the exact minute the bomb fell).

Looking further we learn that the politics of Hiroshima city revolve around not the search for universal peace but the claim for compensation by local residents who were in or near the city at the time the atom bomb exploded. They seek cash payment not, as might be expected, from the United States but, from the government of Japan on the grounds that it started the war in which the bombs were used. Outside Hiroshima it is generally thought that these claims are hopeless.

Even the peace movement, we learn, is split into three parts, one supported by Japanese trade unions, one by the Socialist Party and the third by the Japanese Communist Party, the desirability of Chinese and Soviet atom bombs (all three are against the American and European ones) being one of the many points of contention.

Beyond the Peace Park, the old Hiroshima co-exists with the new. The red light district which was under the bomb was one of the first parts of the city to come back to life and is alive and well one block to the east, a



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part of Hiroshima the visitor is advised to avoid unless he is escorted by a knowledgeable Japanese friend. Kentucky Fried Chicken and Dunkin' Donuts have local branches, as does a Japanese fast-food chain called Atom Boy. This incongruous name seems to pass visitors by, but the same cannot be said of the two Pearl Harbour bars decorated with Samurai swords, imperial flags and suits of medieval Japanese armour (and one of the few places in Japan where I have ever been refused admission on the ground that I was a foreigner).

That atom bombs are bad seems clear to most people, but not a truth which leads to other truths, or needs a pilgrimage to uncover. But another message seems to be conveyed, despite the designers' best intentions: that life goes on, and politics and business with it; that people cannot stay forever in mourning, or freeze time around the memory of some great wrong.

Even now, Japanese people do not think first, as the rest of us do, of a nuclear holocaust when they hear the name Hiroshima. They think of the local baseball team, the Hiroshima Carp (the carp is a fish renowned in Japan for its endurance), the persimmons grown in the surrounding mountains and, of all things, of the oysters from Hiroshima Bay, famous throughout Japan. Hiroshima oysters were legendary before the bomb and they are so again and this is, perhaps, as it should be.

Time's healing is already far advanced in Nagasaki, a city which was once a trifle envious of Hiroshima's world-wide fame, but is so no longer. Waking up in Nagasaki is like waking in no other city in Japan, partly because of the thump of giant hammers in the Mitsubishi shipyard (the "military target" which put it on the list of places which could be atom-bombed) but mainly because of the un-Japanese clamour of church bells. Less than 1 per cent of Japanese are Christians and nearly half of them live in or near Nagasaki, where the foreign faith first preached by Portuguese and Spaniards 400 years ago survived underground through centuries of savage persecution by the Shoguns, who believed that they had wiped out the subversive doctrine.

Nagasaki has another monument almost as much visited as the one commemorating the atom bomb, marking the spot where 26 Christians—20 Japanese and six Spanish Franciscan friars—were crucified on the orders of Shogun Toyotomi Hideyoshi.

Nagasaki is thus a city with a long and tragic past, a pattern of suffering into which the atom bomb has been accepted, without overwhelming what was there before. The spot where the bomb fell is marked by a black obelisk, surrounded by a small park which became a kind of lovers' lane in the years after the Second World War and has now become a discreet red light

THE NUCLEAR BIRTHDAY



THOMAS STANSFIELD

area. The nearest building is the White Wings Hotel, which rents rooms by the hour and is something of a Nagasaki institution. Close by, in more doubtful taste, is another "Love Hotel" with stained-glass windows echoing those of the rebuilt Urakami Cathedral, rededicated by Pope John Paul II four years ago—but then, most Japanese take a light-hearted view of religion, especially other people's.

The people of Nagasaki were, however, impressed by the help Christians in Japan and the rest of the world brought to the survivors of the bomb, and there are more Christians in Nagasaki now than there were before it fell.

Closer to the cathedral, where the Nagasaki prison stood before the atom bomb, is a statue pointing an accusing finger at the sky, a small museum housing relics, and a shrine remembering Buddhist victims of the Nagasaki bomb. Nagasaki is one of the most attractive port cities in Japan and—partly because the bomb fell on an outer suburb, so that the memorial is distant from the centre of the city—few people would think of visiting it simply because the world's second and, so far

last, atom bomb fell there.

Some make a special pilgrimage for personal reasons, however, and our family group had the pleasure of meeting such a visitor to Nagasaki last year. Group Captain Leonard Cheshire VC had been in, or rather over, Nagasaki before, flying with the scientist Sir William Penney as the two British observers in a B-29 20 minutes behind "Bock's Car" from which the Nagasaki bomb was dropped. Describing the flight, Cheshire reminded us that we live under deeper shadows than those cast even by Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

"Our last view of Nagasaki was of a huge conical black cloud as high as we were flying (6 miles) with orange flames starting up all round its base," he recalled . . . "Penney turned to me and shouted 'Remember, that was only the detonator of the super bomb we'll have soon'. He was right, and we have something like 10,000 of them."

HOW THE BOMB HIT EUROPE

by John Barry

America's nuclear umbrella gave Europe cheap defence at the expense of closer co-operation. The price now may be industrial decline.

When the plutonium bomb Fat Man floated down from a B-29 bomber through the clouds over Nagasaki on August 9, 1945—three days after the first nuclear bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima—a young British scientist was among the observation team flying in a second bomber near by. He was William Penney, who had been working on the bomb at Los Alamos. Seven years later Penney—by now Sir William, and in charge of Britain's nuclear weapons programme—was back in the Pacific, this time at Eniwetok atoll. On November 1, 1952, he watched American scientists detonate MIKE, the first successful test of the hydrogen bomb. Pen-

ney's colleagues recall his comment when he got back to London. He told them of the awesome scale of what he had seen; and added: "Of course, it could never possibly be used."

That is the paradox at the heart of our nuclear age. Almost half of the world, the northern half, professes to rely for its security upon weapons about which people have come increasingly to share Penney's opinion: they could never be used.

But Penney's response to the MIKE test was not intellectual. It was visceral, emotional. Why, in logic, could the United States not have used its H-bomb in the 1950s? To this day our responses to questions about



MEN WHO SHAPED THE NUCLEAR AGE

ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

1904-1967



The father of the atom bomb, in the sense that without his leadership as their director from 1943 to 1945 it is unlikely the scientists hidden at Los Alamos in New Mexico—a site he had chosen—would have produced the Bomb as fast as they did. A brilliant physicist himself, he had the power to recruit, harness and inspire other turbulent egos. After the war, and contrary to received myth, Oppenheimer was not "anti-nuclear". He worked to perfect small battlefield atomic weapons. He did oppose developing the H-bomb, partly because he thought it genocidal but also because he feared diversion of resources from his own work. After a bitter argument he lost his security clearances in 1953, his imprudent contacts with Communist Party members providing a justification. In an act of rehabilitation President Kennedy invited him to the White House in 1962.

EDWARD TELLER

Born 1908



Born in Budapest, Teller went to the US (by way of London University) in 1935. He was one of the six scientists who persuaded Albert Einstein to write to President Roosevelt, warning that an atom bomb seemed feasible and that Nazi Germany might acquire it. This resulted in the Manhattan Project. Teller worked at Los Alamos, but was interested less in atomic fission (mechanism of the A-bomb) than in atomic fusion, which powers the sun. By 1944 he was convinced a fusion bomb was possible, but not until 1950 (and the

defeat of Oppenheimer) could he work full-time on it. With another Hungarian, Stanislaus Ulam, he dreamed up the design—the Teller-Ulam configuration—which is the heart of the H-bomb. On November 1, 1952, it worked. Teller was given charge of a second weapons laboratory at Livermore, California. For some years now he has been working on the US "Star Wars" space defences.

IGOR KURCHATOV

1903-1960



Father of the Soviet atom bomb. One of the outstanding generation of pre-war Soviet physicists. His priceless skill lay in divining which lines of research would bear fruit. (Copy the squirrel, he used to joke, and listen for "the rustle of nuts".) After Stalin had approved a start on the programme in 1942, having learnt of the work in the UK and US, Kurchatov's achievement in putting together the project in the chaos of wartime Russia remains astonishing. The first Soviet A-bomb test in August, 1949, was one of the catalysts of McCarthyism in America; but nobody "gave" Kurchatov and his colleagues the Bomb. The Soviet H-bomb, exploded in 1953, was considerably more advanced in design than the US 1952 prototype.

MARSHAL OF THE RAF SIR JOHN SLESSOR

1897-1979



The architect of "massive retaliation". Like most of his generation in the RAF, a believer in the bomber as a "strategic weapon" able to cause the collapse of an enemy society. Bomber

Command having signally failed to achieve this in the Second World War Slessor was quick to see that bombers with nuclear weapons might do it. Slessor was chief of Britain's air staff when Churchill returned to power in late 1951 determined to cut the defence budget. In response, Slessor and his fellow chiefs retired to the Royal Naval College in Greenwich for a week in the early summer of 1952 and wrote a "Global Strategy Paper" advocating western reliance upon long-range bombers armed with nuclear weapons. Slessor, the prime mover, briefed the US Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington in July, 1952. His ideas were welcomed by the incoming administration of President Eisenhower, who was also keen to cut defence spending. In 1954 Eisenhower's Secretary of State, Dulles, announced the new doctrine of "massive retaliation" with air power.

PAUL NITZE

Born 1907



A tribute to the power of ability allied to longevity, Nitze—a banker by training—had his first Washington job under Roosevelt in 1940 and has had key posts under Truman, Kennedy and now Reagan. He did the sums behind the Marshall Plan; was involved in the planning of Nato; and in 1950 wrote NSC-68, the basic document laying out American strategy in what was seen, after the invasion of Korea and the exploding of Kurchatov's first Soviet A-bomb, as a new Cold War with the Soviet Union. In 1957 he drafted the Gaither Report, which urged Eisenhower to accelerate the US missile programme in response to a suspected Soviet build-up. Under McNamara he was one of the architects of "flexible response". In 1969-1972 he negotiated the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty with the Soviets, but resigned from the US strategic arms talks team because he feared Nixon, under Watergate pressure, would sign anything. From 1976 to 1979 he was the most potent critic of Carter's SALT-2 deal. In 1981 to 1983 he led the US team at the abortive Euro-missile talks in Geneva. He now runs Reagan's arms-control policy and is architect of the new US "strategic concept" embracing missile defences.

ROBERT McNAMARA

Born 1916



As Kennedy's Secretary of Defence from 1961 to 1968, he set out the nuclear doctrines still in force today: "flexible response" in Europe, and global deterrence through "assured destruction". Neither, ironically, was what McNamara had initially wanted. In Europe he tried to push Nato to a wholly conventional defence but was defeated by European opposition. "Flexible response" is a deliberately fuzzy political compromise. With America's global strategic missiles he wanted to move away from targeting cities to a "controlled response" of striking military targets but holding cities, in effect, hostage—an incentive to halt a nuclear war in its early stages.

JAMES SCHLESINGER

Born 1929



Intellectually the best-equipped post-war US Secretary of Defence. Director of strategic studies at the Rand think-tank; director of the US Atomic Energy Commission controlling America's nuclear weapon production; director of the CIA. He went to the Pentagon in 1973. By now the Soviets had large missile forces: "assured destruction" had become "mutual assured destruction"—a suicide pact. Yet Nato's "flexible response" still called for first use of nuclear weapons. How could this be given credibility? Schlesinger's answer was to do what McNamara had backed away from and organize "limited" and "selective" targeting options. The predictable price was that US warhead numbers rose dramatically. JOHN BARRY

nuclear weapons or strategy are so rooted in the perception that the Bomb is evil, at best a necessary evil, that it is hard to stand back and look clearly at what 40 years of nuclear weapons have brought us. The picture is clearest in Europe.

I suggest that when the history of our times comes to be written, it will be said that as Europe struggled to rebuild itself after the catastrophe of the Second World War its people enjoyed two incalculable boons. One was cheap energy—specifically, cheap oil—which allowed the reconstruction of its industry with a speed and lavishness now quite out of reach of the emergent nations. The other boon was nuclear weapons.

The key is cheapness. For more than a generation the Bomb has given western Europe its security on the cheap: cheap financially and politically.

Cheap financially because, secure under a nuclear umbrella, Europe could devote its resources to rebuilding its cities and re-equipping its industries rather than supporting the massive armies that would otherwise have been judged necessary. And the Bomb was even cheaper, of course, because America paid for it.

Cheap politically because, again under the American umbrella, Europe felt at liberty to rebuild itself very much along pre-war lines, with its old patchwork of national sovereignties intact.

Without the protection of the American Bomb, Europe's leaders in the late 1940s and early 1950s would have had to battle up the steep road to some form of European political union overseeing a European defence community. The perceived threat from the east would have forced unity upon them. Instead, protected by the Bomb, they decided the path was too steep and turned aside. Thus the first, and so far only, western casualty of the nuclear age has been European unity.

The Americans foresaw just this risk more clearly than anyone in Europe. When post-war European leaders, like the British foreign secretary Ernest Bevin, first approached the United States about a possible security guarantee to western Europe—a guarantee finally given with the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty on April 4, 1949—the initial response in Washington was that Europe must go as far as it could to ensure its own security before America could back this up. Broadly, informed opinion in Washington was that this would require something similar to the European union that men like Jean Monnet were talking about. In the end, the treaty was signed with nothing approaching European union in place. Washington had been persuaded that Europe's security needs could not wait. Critics in the US Congress were cynical. Questioning the military aid that went with the treaty, one critic asked: "Do you think that if we give money first before [integration] is



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Today's hotly debated nuclear weapons, made in the USA and part of Nato's defence system in Europe: above, the cruise missile, based at Greenham Common, Berkshire, and at Comiso, Sicily; left, Pershing II, now deployed with the US Army in Germany.

immoral. As another US Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, said last year: "The Alliance is...trapped in a precarious combination of inadequate conventional forces, leading to reliance on nuclear weapons in a strategic environment that makes the threat of their use, and therefore their deterrent value, less and less credible, and a public climate of growing nuclear pacifism that undermines what credibility remains."

That is true and important, just how important depends upon the view you take of the threat from the Soviet Union. But I would argue that the really significant outcome of Europe's reliance on the Bomb and consequent failure to unite is not military at all. It is that Europe, disunited, now faces the ferocious technological and industrial challenges of the last years of this century with none of the pooling of resources, none of the economies of scale, none of the strategic direction of industrial effort that a united Europe could have deployed. Everything in life has its price. The price Europe pays for its nuclear dependence could be its industrial decline.

In the world outside Europe and the superpowers, what is striking is how irrelevant the Bomb has become. In the 1950s sober analysts were predicting 50 or 60 nuclear-weapons states by now. Instead, we have five known possessors (the US, Soviet Union, China, France and Britain); a couple of near-certain (Israel and South Africa); a trio who are not far off (India, Pakistan and perhaps Argentina); and a dozen or so others with the know-how.

Why so few? For the simplest of reasons. Almost nobody sees any benefit in acquiring nuclear weapons: how precisely is their possession to be turned into usable power or influence? Meanwhile, the superpowers provide a minatory example of the costs and futility of a nuclear arms race. The importance of the 1958 Nuclear Non-

achieved, that it will be achieved after the money is given?"

The cynics were right. As American nuclear supremacy rose to its zenith in the mid 1950s, so the security requirements driving western European unity waned. 1952 was the year of that first American test of MIKE; it was also the year when, at a momentous conference in Lisbon, Nato ministers decided they could not afford the troops their generals said they needed—so, to forestall a total collapse of the meeting, ministers decided (without any homework) to call for nuclear weapons to fill the gap. In 1954 US Secretary of State Dulles announced the doctrine of "massive retaliation" and the French parliamentarians finally killed all hope of a European Defence Community based on joint Franco-German forces. Britain, by now with its own Bomb, felt able to stand aloof, too. The next year, 1955, saw the signing of the Treaty of Rome and the establishment of the European Economic Community. But then, in 1956, Nato adopted a defensive strategy based wholly upon nuclear weapons: conventional troops were to fight for no more than three days. The next steps towards European union were never taken.

It was cheap—at the time. But now, a generation later, the bills are starting to fall due. It is not simply that a defensive strategy relying upon a threat to immolate the world is widely thought to be incredible as well as

Proliferation Treaty is not that it bans nuclear weapons. No treaty ever stopped a country from doing something it wanted to do. The NPT's importance is that the inspection machinery it provides can reassure Country A that its regional rival Country B is not building a Bomb, and vice versa.

It is significant that the two countries almost certainly possessing secret nuclear arsenals, Israel and South Africa, are both locked by their policies into seemingly irresolvable conflict with the more populous regions around them. For Israel and South Africa, in other words, Country A/ Country B trade-offs do not apply.

Perhaps we are, as some analysts claim, living in the calm before the storm. Perhaps we will see a rash of regional nuclear arms races: India v Pakistan; Argentina v Brazil; Iran v Saudi Arabia. All one can say is that so far the pessimists have been wrong.

So, finally, to the superpowers. In their planning, it is said, all armies refight their last battles. The United States is determined it will never again risk the trauma of Pearl Harbour: hence its obsession with first strikes, windows of vulnerability and the like; and the baroque elaboration of its technical responses to those fears. The Soviet Union, after the trauma of Hitler's Operation Barbarossa, is never again going to risk foreign armies invading its territory: hence the over-insurance of its deployments in eastern Europe. Meanwhile, its military machine cranks out missiles in a flood the leadership shows no desire to quench.

It is the Americans, in truth, who have tired of this race. That is the real message of President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative, the so-called Star Wars programme, though Europeans have been slow to realize this. A French nuclear strategist gave me a crisp verdict the other day: "Twenty years ago President Kennedy challenged the Soviets to an arms race in offensive missiles. America has lost that race. Now, with SDI, it looks for a way out."

It is not necessary totally to subscribe to that analysis to observe that the Americans are highly unlikely to build another land-based strategic missile. As the uproar over MX showed, public opposition is too strong.

Technically, the answer is that within a decade America's missiles will be virtually all at sea, in submarines. Psychologically, however, the deeper truth is that America is turning its back on the arms race. Instead it has decided to put its money, its technology and its enthusiasm into a project to construct defences. The project will succeed because the Americans will make it succeed. Something will go into space. It may not work perfectly: it will not have to. If I had to guess a date for first deployment, I would say 2010. The arms race will have lasted just 65 years.

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THE QUEEN MOTHER AT 85



RENF FEATURES

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother celebrates her 85th birthday on August 4. Still full of energy, she brings enthusiasm and charm to the many different public events she attends.

On the following pages we publish photographs of her,

from childhood to the present day, and an

appreciation by Norman St John-Stevas describing the

personality that makes her one of the best-loved members of the royal family.

1965
"Do not," advised Walter Bagehot, the 19th century's great constitutionalist, in reference to the monarchy, "let in daylight upon magic." One sees the point more than 100 years later and hesitates to make any appraisal of one so revered, so loved, so truly magical as Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, even if the happy and providential event of the 85th anniversary of her birthday, calls out for it as fitting and appropriate.

We think of Queen Elizabeth in visual terms as a gracious, beautiful and charming old lady, but the secret of her appeal is quite otherwise, the bright flame of everlasting youth. Her faithfulness to old friends is matched only by her openness to making new ones, her sense of the past and of history is equalled by her intense interest in the present and in what is to come.

We should glance back then first to her early years, for their happiness and security are the key to the life which has unfolded so consistently and so serenely amid changes and challenges as profound as any in our long island history. Born at the romantic castle of Glamis, with its legends of the murder of Duncan by Macbeth and its resident "monster", she was never immured in a Scottish fastness, but passed her youth between that and two other houses, St Paul's Walden Bury in Hertfordshire and at 20 St James's Square in the heart of "our" London. St Paul's Walden Bury, with its graceful gardens, gave the young Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon the love of flowers and plants which has abided with her always; St James's Square symbolized her metropolitan life, her social gifts, her capacity for enjoying life, her sense of fun. She has never despised the grand shine on the surface of life, but neither has she expected from it any more than by its nature, it can afford.

We catch a glimpse of her as a young child through the eyes of her governess: "a small, delicate figure, a sensitive, somewhat pale little face, dark hair and very beautiful violet-blue eyes". Even at an early age she possessed that gift, priceless for royalty, of making people feel at ease. Today that ➤



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TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM



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The Queen Mother continues to lead an intensely active life, with more than 100 official engagements each year. In recent months she has attended the ceremony of Trooping the Colour, later appearing on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, top; distributed shamrock on St Patrick's Day to the Irish Guards in West Germany and posed for this regimental portrait, centre; played pool at a youth centre in Jersey, above left; and presented prizes at Cheltenham race meeting, above right.



TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM



RONNIE TILLY/RETNA

On her first visit to Venice last autumn she made a traditional tour by gondola, top; in London in March she attended the Royal Film Performance of *A Passage to India*, left; and she was as usual among the royal party at Ascot this June, above.



During a visit to Jersey last year the Queen Mother, here in the grounds of Government House, presented a scroll to celebrate the centenary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution on the island, opened a youth club and visited a school and a community centre.



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TIM GRAHAM

quality has deepened and mellowed so that it suffuses all the majesty with a warm and relaxing glow. The British people, whose detective instinct should never be underestimated, perceive and appreciate it as clearly as her friends and intimates.

She first met her future husband the Duke of York at a children's tea party and symbolically gave him the cherries off the top of her cake. They did not meet again until May, 1920, when she at once captivated him: "He was so deeply in love but so humble," commented Lady Airlie. He proposed, but he had to wait until 1923 before she accepted him. It was not only the Duke but everyone else who fell in love with her, including the crusty, quirky old king. George V made a fetish out of the clock. For Queen Elizabeth, time has often been a matter of opinion. But it was the king who surrendered. Once, when she was a few minutes late for luncheon, an amazed courtier heard him reply to her apologies: "No, my dear, you are not late, we must have sat down a few minutes early."

Among the many gifts which Lady Elizabeth brought as her dowry to the Duke on marriage was that of uninhibited speech. Although he had a beautiful and musical speaking voice he suffered from a speech impediment which was cured with the help of his wife. She helped him, too, to overcome the shyness which made him recoil with horror when his brother David, intent on marrying Mrs Simpson, thrust the crown upon him. The diadem was not wished for either by himself or his wife, but they accepted it out of a sense of duty. Undoubtedly the burdens of kingship shortened his life: ➤

Regal splendour, top, in a formal portrait by Norman Parkinson for the Queen Mother's 75th birthday, which contrasts with Cecil Beaton's intimate 70th anniversary picture, left. Above, receiving greetings from children outside Clarence House on her 80th birthday, with the Queen and Princess Margaret.

Queen Elizabeth has never been able to forget the circumstances which brought this about.

Reluctant or not, the King and Queen presided triumphantly over the British war effort and raised the institution of monarchy to new pinnacles of public affection and esteem. The Queen provided two memorable *dicta*, the first when she refused to be exported to Canada: "The children could not go without me. I could not possibly leave the King, and the King would never go." The second was coined when Buckingham Palace was attacked by enemy aircraft: "I am glad we have been bombed. I feel I can look the East End in the face."

The death of the King was a prostrating blow: royalty has to mourn in public, but the depth of Queen Elizabeth's grief was never on display. She was carried through the shock of her premature widowhood by the force of her will, her inner resilience and the love and affection of her family.

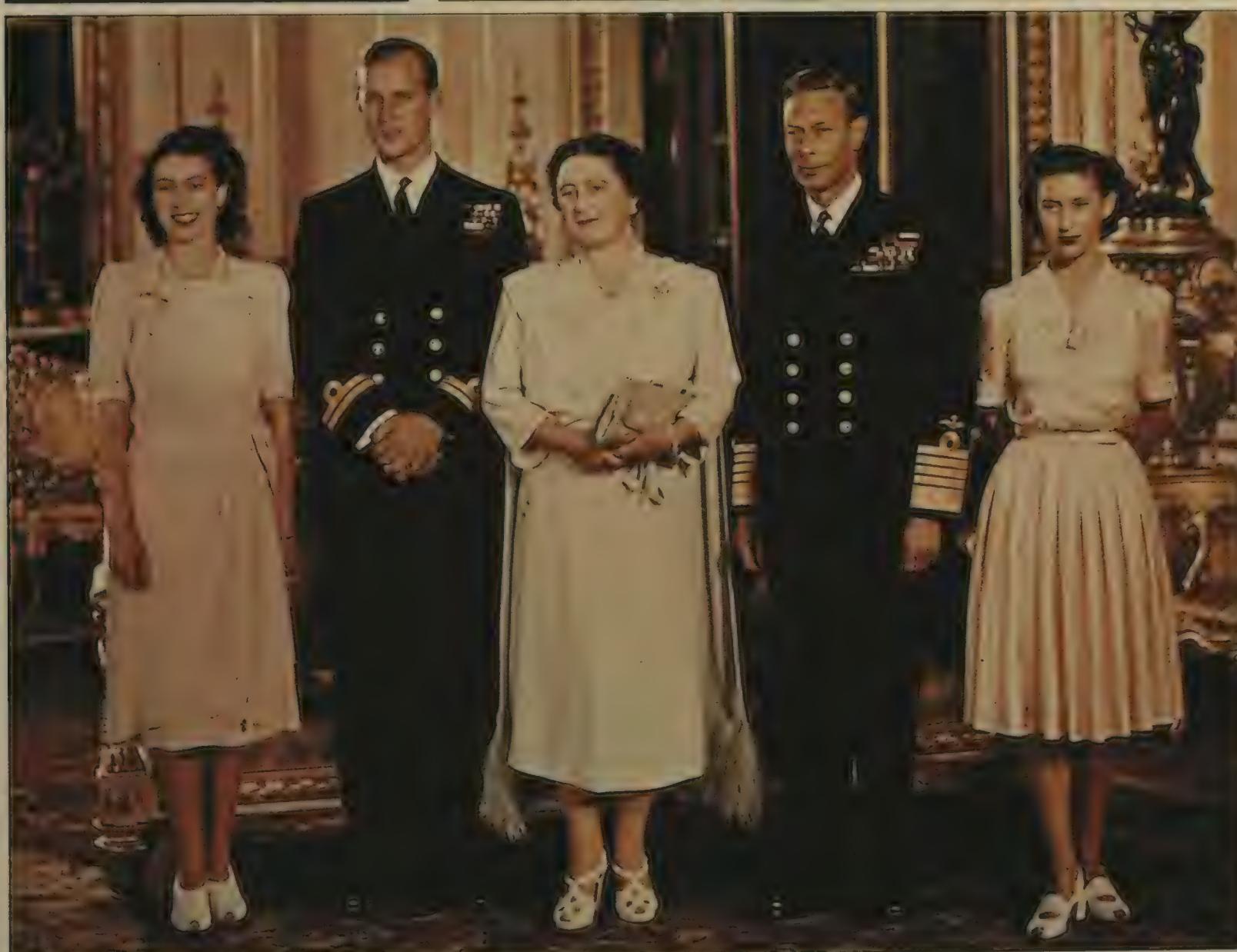
Since then Queen Elizabeth as Queen Mother has carved out a unique place in the hearts of the British people. Charm can be a dangerous and superficial gift: Queen Elizabeth's is based on a deep respect for the individuality of others. The exquisite manners she displays to everyone are in her case the flower of an inner charity. Her dedication to her duties is of a matching order. It was typical of her that at the age of 84 she should set out on her first visit to Venice. On one gruelling day after she had presided at a lengthy church service, inspected a picture gallery, made an expedition to Torcello, and returned amid the gathering storm clouds, she finished the day with a reception on the royal yacht for 800 Italians, few of whom she had ever met before and none of whom she was likely to meet again. Nevertheless she greeted each one of her guests individually, let them buzz about her like bumble bees for two hours, and then bade each one of them a personal farewell. No wonder that the oldest republic in the world hailed her as "La Regina di Venezia".

Queen Elizabeth has the consecrating power but it is exercised without solemnity. Her sense of fun and of the absurd is acute. Her *joie de vivre* cannot be quenched. One visitor to her home once found her late at night dancing alone to the music of an old gramophone record. She is never condemnatory, never passes judgment, if a situation is tricky she redeems it, if someone is foundering they find themselves rescued and lifted up.

Her happy family relationships bring her joy and comfort. All her grandchildren are favourites but perhaps most of all the Prince of Wales, who has inherited so many of her qualities. So a golden light illuminates her later years. As she passes another milestone the nation gives thanks for her presence among us, calls down further blessings upon her and wishes her a future that will continue to be both happy and glorious.



Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, above, aged six. It was at about this age, at a children's tea party given by the Duchess of Buccleuch in London, that she first met the future King George VI, whom she married when he was Duke of York, top right, on April 26, 1923, in Westminster Abbey. The Duchess of York, far right, with Princess Elizabeth (left) on her 11th birthday, and Princess Margaret, in April, 1937, shortly before she was crowned Queen Elizabeth, consort to King George VI. Right, at Buckingham Palace with her family in July, 1947, on the day of the betrothal of Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.





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THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTINGS

Velazquez's *Las Meninas* has been voted the world's greatest painting by the *ILN*'s panel of art experts. It was the choice of 15 contributors. Second came Vermeer's *View of Delft*, with nine votes, and third Giorgione's *The Tempest*. The top 20 paintings are featured in the following pages, with an assessment by Edward Lucie-Smith.



MR SHO DEL PRADO, MADRID

Las Meninas, 1656, by Velazquez, hangs in the Prado, Madrid. The central figure is the five-year-old Infanta Margarita of Spain whose parents, King Philip IV and his second wife, are reflected in the mirror behind her. Others depicted are her two maids of honour (*las meninas*) and the painter himself. Daniel Wildenstein described it as "by far the greatest work of art by a human being". The others who chose it were Sir Harold Acton, Sir Brinsley Ford, Sir Ernst Gombrich, Professor Francis Haskell, Dr John Hayes, Professor Michael Jaffé, William Packer, Tom Phillips, Dr Edmund Pillsbury, Professor Erich Steingräber and Denys Sutton, and three who wished to remain anonymous.

THE TOP TWENTY PAINTINGS

Artist	Title	Votes received
Velazquez	<i>Las Meninas</i>	15
Vermeer	<i>View of Delft</i>	9
Giorgione	<i>The Tempest</i>	6
Botticelli	<i>La Primavera</i>	5
Piero della Francesca	<i>The Resurrection</i>	5
El Greco	<i>The Burial of the Count of Orgaz</i>	4
Giotto	<i>The Lamentation</i>	4
Grünewald	<i>Isenheim Altarpiece</i>	4
Picasso	<i>Guernica</i>	4
Rembrandt	<i>The Return of the Prodigal Son</i>	4
Rembrandt	<i>Self-Portrait</i>	4
Titian	<i>Charles V at the Battle of Mühlberg</i>	4
Velazquez	<i>Pope Innocent X</i>	4
Giorgione	<i>Le Concert Champêtre</i>	3
Poussin	<i>Inspiration of the Poet</i>	3
Picasso	<i>Les Demoiselles d'Avignon</i>	3
Rembrandt	<i>The Polish Rider</i>	3
Titian	<i>The Flaying of Marsyas</i>	3
Titian	<i>The Rape of Europa</i>	3
Watteau	<i>Gilles</i>	3

The strong challenge to Velazquez from Titian and Rembrandt was handicapped by the larger number of their paintings which were chosen: Titian's 22 votes were spread over 13 works; Rembrandt's 21 votes were divided among 10 works. Titian benefited from having four of his works nominated by a single panel member. Vermeer had 14 votes for five works; Giorgione nine votes for two works; Piero della Francesca nine votes for four works; Picasso eight votes for three works; Watteau eight votes for four works, and Botticelli seven votes for two works.

When we embarked on our search for the world's greatest painting, with the help of our distinguished panel of experts, some doubts were expressed as to whether a genuine verdict would emerge. Nowadays, did people not think in terms of painters—the whole *œuvre*—rather than of paintings? Such misgivings were having to be laid to rest. One work did indeed establish a commanding lead. Of our 44 panelists, no fewer than 15 included *Las Meninas* (*The Maids of Honour*) by Diego Velazquez (in the Prado, Madrid) in their list of choices. The runner-up was Jan Vermeer's *View of Delft* in the Mauritshuis Museum, The Hague, with nine votes followed in third place by Giorgione's *The Tempest* in the Accademia, Venice, with six. Twenty works in all received three or more nominations.

Is there anything like these three masterpieces have in common? At first sight they are very different from one another. They belong to quite separate traditions, express sensibilities which are almost opposed, and are even very different in colour and surface. Yet they do have a hidden link. Looking for an adjective which might characterize them all, I came up with the word "mysterious". Each of these paintings seems to contain a secret.

This is most obviously the case with *The Tempest*, which over the years has been the subject of many different interpretations. What are these particular personages doing in the idyllic landscape which the painter has provided for them? What is the relationship between the man to the left, leaning on a tall staff, and the half-naked,



HOMAN POTTERTON

Director, National Gallery of Ireland

1 Gainsborough: *Mr and Mrs Andrews*. "It is so English, it makes one long for a cream tea."

2 Watteau: *Gilles*. "The pose, the composition, everything is so odd. Yet the image is so memorable and so compelling."

3 Holbein: *The Ambassadors*. "This is a great painting and that is the neatest way to describe it. There are very few paintings that one can say just that about and no more."

4 Vermeer: *Lady Writing a Letter with her Maid*. "It's a cliché to mention the light, but cliché or not it's the light that does it."

5 Rembrandt: *Saskia with a Hat*. "One would have to admit that Rembrandt would have painted one of the six greatest paintings; but I would have difficulty finding one that I like. This is beautiful."

6 Winterhalter: *Queen Victoria and Prince Albert seated with their children*. "Not many people would vote for this, but why not? It is a tremendous composition, a good likeness, and a great deal of charm and is a very beautiful picture."

are related, but of which they form only a subordinate part.

Technical examination makes it clear that Giorgione had no fixed programme in mind when he created the work: the young man has been painted so as to conceal a female nude. The picture is perhaps best read as a metaphor which has been allowed to form itself naturally, like a pearl in an oyster, without the intervention or censorship of the conscious mind. Terence Mullaly, describing it, spoke in terms of nature's "ultimate mystery". *The Concert Champêtre* in the Louvre (three votes), is a more accomplished work by a mature artist, but was not quite the same intensity.

Las Meninas at first glance clings more closely to the rules of the

DR EDMUND PILLSBURY

Director, Kimbell Art Museum, Texas

1 Velazquez: *Las Meninas*.

2 Picasso: *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*.

3 Vermeer: *View of Delft*.

4 El Greco: *The Burial of the Count of Orgaz*.

5 Giorgione: *The Tempest*.

6 Goya: *May the Third, 1808*.

DANIEL WILDENSTEIN

Dealer

1 Velazquez: *Las Meninas*. "Because it is by far the greatest work of art by a human being. All others are far behind."

2 Vermeer: *View of Delft*.

3 Monet: *Waterlilies*.

4 Grünewald: *Isenheim Altarpiece*.

5 Leonardo da Vinci: *Mona Lisa*.

6 Van Eyck: *The Virgin of Chancellor Rolin*.

The second choice was Vermeer's *View of Delft*, 1658-60, in the Mauritshuis Museum, The Hague, Holland, in which he vividly captures the play of light and shade on the city, sunlit after a storm. In 1921 Marcel Proust wrote in a letter that it was "the most beautiful painting in the world". Although it was second in the panelists' poll, some of the nine who nominated it echo the Proustian superlatives. Sir Roy Strong wrote:

"Perhaps the greatest use of light in painting aligned to utter timelessness and tranquillity." The others who chose it were Sir Harold Acton, John Ashberry, Alasdair Auld, Sir Ernst Gombrich, Dr Edmund Pillsbury, Sir David Piper, Denys Sutton and Daniel Wildenstein.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

Sir Harold Acton
Sir Geoffrey Agnew
Walter H. Annenberg
John Ashberry
Alasdair Auld
J. Carter Brown
César
Adrienne Corri
Lord Croft
Philippe de Montebello
Marchioness of Douro
Dr Mark Evans
Dr Dennis Farr
Sir Brinsley Ford
Sir Ernst Gombrich
Lord Gowrie
Professor Francis Haskell
Dr John Hayes
Patrick Heron
Howard Hodgkin
Tom Howing
Professor Michael Jaffé
R. B. Kitaj
Professor Peter Lasko
Neil MacGregor
George Melly
Thomas Messer
E. S. Morris
Terence Mullaly
William Packer
Victor Pasmore
Tom Phillips
Dr Edmund Pillsbury
Sir David Piper
Homan Potterton
Philip Pouncey
John Russell
Norman St John-Stevens MP
William Scott
Professor Erich Steingräber
Sir Roy Strong
Denys Sutton
Sir Ellis Waterhouse
Daniel Wildenstein

The Tempest, c. 1506, by Giorgione, which is in the Accademia, Venice, was the third choice. Its great innovation was the subordination of details of landscape and figures to the atmosphere of a storm about to break over the city. Those who voted for it dwelt on the mystery of its meaning. Art critic Terence Mullaly interpreted it as a "deeply affecting representation of man's relationship with nature... and of the dignity of motherhood". The others who voted for it were Sir Harold Acton, Dr John Hayes, R. B. Kitaj and Dr Edmund Pillsbury, and one is anonymous.

everyday world. The painting shows the Infanta Margarita of Spain surrounded by her court ladies (among them a dwarf) in a room of the old Alcázar in Madrid. To the left stands the painter himself, pausing in his work on a large canvas. In a distant mirror one sees King Philip IV and his Queen.

Yet here, too, there are questions. For example, why should Velazquez show himself painting a group who in fact have their backs to him—or is he painting the king and queen, who are situated in front of the picture plane, in our own space? The painter holds the brush in his right hand, and his image is therefore not reversed, yet the second possibility seems the less likely. *Las Meninas* offers not one mirror but two: the artist looks over the shoulders of the group who are ostensibly his subjects, and contemplates himself plying his trade. The Infanta and her attendants are Velazquez's *subject matter*, but also, in a profounder sense, his *creation*: they exist through him. Our experts selected the painting which, of all pictures, seems to have the most to tell us about art. Many clearly chose it for that reason. Sir Brinsley Ford cited Luca Giordano's remark that it was the "Gospel of painting"; Tom Phillips called it "the touchstone of painterly economy"; Daniel Wildenstein described it as "by far the greatest work of art by a human being". ➤➤➤

WILLIAM PACKER
Art critic, *Financial Times*

1 Velazquez: *Las Meninas*. "If I were forced to it, but only forced, Velazquez is the one painter I would put in first place."

2 Van der Weyden: *The Great Deposition*. "Knowing it to be there, this was the very first work I sought out on my first visit to the Prado, before all Velazquez and Goya and the rest. It was in a sorry state but no disappointment."

3 El Greco: *The Burial of the Count of Orgaz*. "I had not expected to be quite so moved as I was by this painting, though I had expected to be impressed. It is at once calm and still and wonderfully dynamic, a great machine and the tenderest of images."

4 Bellini: *The Madonna and Child with Saints*. "I am torn between this and the much smaller, free-standing Madonna and Child altarpiece in the Sacristy of the Frari."

5 Titian: *The Flaying of Marsyas*. "Titian, too, is a problem, and another time I might very well have chosen something like the Pesaro Madonna in the Frari. But for the moment I shall stick to this extraordinary late work."

6 Rembrandt: *The Night Watch*. "It could be any one of a dozen Rembrandts—*The Drapers' Guild*, or *The Jewish Bride*, or the wonderful Kenwood self-portrait in old age."



La Primavera, 1477-78, by Botticelli, now in the Uffizi, Florence, came fourth in our poll with five votes. One of the best known of all Renaissance paintings, it was created for 15-year-old Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, second cousin of Lorenzo the Magnificent. A poetic and mythological vision of spring, it shows Mercury on the left, the Three

Graces, Venus in the centre and the nymph Chloris, transformed by the wind god, Zephyr, into the goddess of spring.

The painting was chosen by Sir Ellis Waterhouse and Sir Brinsley Ford, who said that the figures "embody the spirit of the Renaissance". Lord Croft, Sir Roy Strong and one anonymous voter also chose this painting.



The Burial of the Count of Orgaz, 1586-88, right, by El Greco. Over 15 feet high, this is the largest painting in Toledo, where it hangs in the church of Santo Tomé. William Packer, one of four who voted for it, praised the painting as "the tenderest of images". It was also chosen

by Dr Edmund Pillsbury, and two panellists who did not want to be named.



Guernica, 1937, left, by Picasso, in the Prado Museum, Madrid. Painted after the bombing of the Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War and one of the artist's most celebrated works, it is an indictment of the horrors of war. The painting received four votes, and the French sculptor César called it "the sum of all the messages in Picasso's exceptional work". Victor Pasmore,

Professor Erich Steingräber and Terence Mullaly also chose *Guernica*.



The Return of the Prodigal Son, c 1668, left, by Rembrandt. One of the artist's last paintings before his death in 1669, this is one of several of his works illustrating the parable of the prodigal son and hangs in the Hermitage, Leningrad. The painting was chosen by Michael Jaffé who found it "intensely moving". It received four votes, the other three from Professor Francis Haskell, Neil MacGregor and one who wishes to remain anonymous.



Self-Portrait, c 1659-60, above, by Rembrandt also received four votes. This late painting, in Kenwood House, London, is one of the most impressive of the artist's many self-portraits. They form an important part of his total work and a unique record of his life. Professor Peter Lasko who voted for it said that Rembrandt "captured all human emotions in this self-examination". It was also the choice of Adrienne Corri, Lord Gowrie and William Scott.

Vermeer's *View of Delft* is perhaps the most surprising choice among the three leaders, simply because it is so meticulously realistic, and it is precisely this kind of servitude to reality which our century prides itself on having shaken off. But, as with the Giorgione and the Velazquez, we are very conscious of the fact that this is magic made with paint. John Ashbery, who put it at the top of his list, used this very word "magic", and described the painting as "an autonomous, living, breathing organism"—the chief criterion for his other choices as well. What is fascinating about the *View of Delft* is the fine adjustment of means to ends. Vermeer challenges us to match our perceptions with his; he encourages us to see shifts of colour and changes of tone which we could not perceive without his help. If art and what it does is the true theme of *Las Meninas* then Vermeer's subject in the *View of Delft* is the mechanism of sight.

The other 17 works in the final list can be grouped in a variety of ways. There are those, for example, which concentrate on telling us something about the individual—like ➤➤➤

DR JOHN HAYES

Director, National Portrait Gallery

1 Velazquez: *Las Meninas*. "Exceptional truth of tone and sureness of almost impressionistic handling; apparently effortless relationship of figures; deep insight into character; unsurpassed as an informally grouped portrait."

2 Rembrandt: *Bathsheba with King David's Letter*. "An utterly unidealized nude, imbued with deep spiritual qualities; an epitome of female tenderness. Bathsheba's head is inclined in reverie."

3 Bellini: *St Francis in Ecstasy*. "Fusion of the human figure with all created things in a beautifully ordered and crisply rendered landscape bathed in an ineffable and reassuring light towards which St Francis is opening his arms."

4 Giorgione: *The Tempest*. "Landscape charged with a strange and unearthly mood, the sense of movement and instability counterbalanced by the unifying richness of colour and by the storm which is threatening."

5 Titian: *Charles V at the Battle of Mühlberg*. "Portraiture at its most sublime, monumental in design and symbolic of an event that significantly changed the course of history."

6 Watteau: *Le Pèlerinage à l'Île de Cythère*. "A poesia of magical enchantment, the figures grouped in faultless rhythm, their expressions uncannily redolent of their innermost thoughts, the colour and handling exquisite, the landscape setting shimmering with atmosphere."



The Lamentation, c 1305-06, by Giotto, was chosen by four panellists—César,

Lord Gowrie, Professor Francis Haskell, and Denys Sutton who wrote of it: "It expresses religious sentiment and human understanding . . ." The painting is in the Arena Chapel in Padua and is one of a cycle of frescos which include representations of the life of the Virgin and the life and Passion of Christ.

Centre panel of the Isenheim Altarpiece, *The Crucifixion*, right, by Matthias Grünewald, painted in about 1515 and now in Colmar. This powerful interpretation is flanked by paintings of

Saints Anthony and Sebastian and surmounts a touching Pietà. Tom Phillips described the work as "the greatest feat of sustained intensity of vision in painting; the pictorial equivalent of a Bach Passion". It received four votes, and the others who chose it were Sir David Piper, Daniel Wildenstein and a panellist who does not want to be identified.



SIR DAVID PIPER
Former director, Ashmolean Museum

1 Rembrandt: *The Jewish Bride*. "A consummate image of human love, mortal flesh almost incandescent with the spirit."

2 Vermeer: *View of Delft*. "The most remarkable example of an apparently most literal account of a city view transfused into pure poetry."

3 Rubens: *Descent from the Cross*. "The grandest, most majestic of all treatments of this tragic theme."

4 Grünewald: *Isenheim Altarpiece*. "The most starkly terrifying and pitiless masterpiece of the 'greatest problem', of God's inhumanity to man and to God."

5 Watteau: *Le Pèlerinage à l'Île de Cythère*.

6 Stubbs: *Mares and foals on a plain background*. "Not of course one of the 'greatest pictures' in the world, but a superb example of the visual equivalent of melodic line."

Charles V at the Battle of Mühlberg, below, by Titian, in the Prado, was praised by Sir Brinsley Ford for its "grandeur and magnificence" and by Dr John Hayes for being "monumental in design". Sir Ellis Waterhouse and one anonymous person also chose this painting, giving it four votes in all.



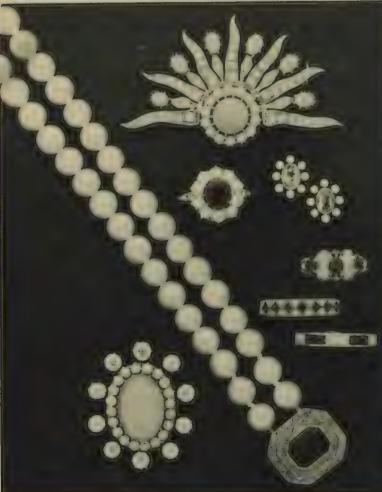
Portrait of *Pope Innocent X*, c 1649, left, by Velazquez, which is in the Doria-Pamphili Gallery, Rome. It was chosen by four of our panellists—Sir Geoffrey Agnew, Philippe de Montebello, Dr Dennis Farr and Sir Roy Strong—who agree on the painting's extraordinary ability to convey character. Sir Roy Strong called it "a perpetual celebration of art's ability to combine the mask and the face".

The Resurrection, 1463-65, below, by Piero della Francesca, in the Municipal Art Gallery, Sansepolcro. Described by the Director of the Courtauld Institute of

Art, Dr Dennis Farr, one of the four panellists who voted for it, as "a hypnotic image". Others who chose this picture were Geoffrey Agnew, Lady Douro and Lord Gowrie.



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THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTINGS

Rembrandt's late *Self-Portrait* at Kenwood, and Velazquez's *Pope Innocent X* in the Doria-Pamphilj Gallery in Rome. To a lesser extent this is also true of another portrait, Titian's *Charles V at the Battle of Mühlberg*, though this is additionally a description of the nature of power. Picasso's *Gernica*, rather surprisingly, has something in common with this, since both communicate a political event.

A number of great paintings are embodiments of the Christian myth, and especially that part of it which describes Christ's Passion. Into this category fit Grünewald's *Crucifixion* in Colmar, Giotto's *Lamentation* from the Scrovegni Chapel in Padua, and Piero della Francesca's *Resurrection*. There was one Bible painting where the narrative element was uppermost, Rembrandt's *The Return of the Prodigal Son*, a profound statement of human feeling; and an uncategorizable religious work, El Greco's *The Burial of the Count of Orgaz*—best interpreted as an unorthodox *pietà*. Other paintings in our top 20 deal with classical mythology, for instance Titian's *The Rape of Europa* in the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston, and his *The Flaying of Marsyas*; while yet others are allegories making use of classical figures and properties, notably Botticelli's *La Primavera* and Poussin's *Innpiration of the Poet*. One is a manifesto against classicism: Picasso's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*.

Yet it was also noticeable that a number of the works to which our experts responded most fall outside any of the accepted categories. Two particularly elusive yet potent



The Polish Rider, c 1655, left, by Rembrandt, from the Frick Collection, New York, is one of the artist's most intriguing paintings. There have been many attempts to interpret this picture of a young horseman wearing what has been identified as the 17th-century Polish or Hungarian light cavalry uniform. According to some it is a portrait of Gysbrecht van Aemstel, legendary founder of Amsterdam. To others the rider represents the prodigal son leaving home. Among the panelists who voted for it were the painter R. B. Kitaj who said that it was his favorite Rembrandt. This painting was the choice of two panelists who preferred to remain anonymous, giving it three votes in all.

GEORGE MELLY
Jazz musician and collector

I Piero della Francesca: *The Baptism of Christ*. "The perfect painting both formally and emotionally. I don't personally subscribe to Christianity but am moved by the humanity of this great work—its cool exactitude balanced by its tenderness."

2 Vermeer: *The Cook or Woman Pouring Milk*. "Such a commonplace subject, caught transformed, totally beautiful in its clarity and poetry."

3 Magritte: *This is not a pipe*. "Behind the literal image, painted with deliberate banality, is a big, indeed central, question—what is art?"

4 Stubbs: *Hambledon, rubbing down*. "Uninterested in horses *per se*, I find the energy, the exact placing of everything, the spaces around the objects, the intensity of observation, all miraculous."

5 Picasso: *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. "Uncomfortable, broken-backed, unresolved, etc., nevertheless a painting which, after all, changed the face of art. Afterwards nothing could be exactly the same, not even what preceded it."

6 Ernst: *The Elephant of the Celebes*. "The most poetic and haunting image (for me) of the 20th century. Part mechanistic, part anthropomorphic, wholly mysterious."



The Flaying of Marsyas, left, by Titian, from the Kroměží Palace, Czechoslovakia, created a stir in Britain when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy 18 months ago. Experts believe that the painting was unfinished when Titian died in 1576. It received three votes in our poll, one of them from the artist Tom Phillips who considered it "the most poignant manifestation of the artist's view of art". R. B. Kitaj and William Packer also voted for this painting.

Le Concert Champêtre, c 1510, right, by Giorgione, came into the possession of Louis XIV in 1671 and is now in the Louvre, Paris. Giorgione's fusion of the realistic and the dreamlike culminated in this famous picture, chosen by three members of our panel, Denis Sutton, editor of *Apollo*, described it as being "radiant with a love of life . . .". Sir Ellis Waterhouse and one anonymous panelist were its other advocates.



GERALDSON

The rickshaw wallahs of Calcutta

by Rainer Krack. Photographs by Marius Alexander.

On some days Panchu Ray, pictured right with his wife, cannot even lift himself out of bed. His bones creak like an old barn door and every muscle in his body aches. On such mornings his wife has to massage him until he is fit for another day in front of the rickshaw. Although only just 30 years old, Panchu already feels like an old man. Small and wiry, he has been working as a human horse for 14 years.



Calcutta is the last city in India where men still pull rickshaws. These skinny barefooted beasts of burden have to pull their vehicles full of people or goods through the streets by brute force. All other Indian cities have long since changed to bicycle- or motor-rickshaws. But the 12 million-strong metropolis of Calcutta is dirtier, poorer and more brutal in every way. Any traveller coming from Bombay or Delhi to the capital of West Bengal is in for a shock. It is a nightmare city with its roads full of garbage and excrement and its inhabitants living on the edge of survival in the thickest air between Tokyo and Los Angeles.

Panchu Ray explains why he came to Calcutta. "Back home in Bihar we had nothing to eat. My father used to have a pair of buffalo whose milk provided enough income to scrape by. As they got old their milk dried up and so

my father sent me here to earn money." While Panchu told his story his wife struggled to light the paraffin stove, to make another pot of tea for his guests. In a household where every extra cup means one fewer tomorrow there was no milk. In the land of the holy cow, that is a luxury beyond the means of the humble labourer.

The home of this family is little more than a dark, damp shed about 8 feet by 10 feet with a few bricks removed for ventilation. Two thirds of the room is taken up by the bed, the only piece of furniture, and when the two children are home it is claustrophobic and overcrowded. All through our conversation the loud wail of raucous Indian film music, interspersed with the sound of babies crying, came from the family on the other side of the low dividing wall: no privacy here, and no lavatory—just an open gutter in front of the door.

"Apart from begging, there is only one way for the immigrant to make a living and that is with the rickshaw," explained Panchu sadly, drinking his tea. "What can one do?" Thousands of Calcutta's estimated 100,000 rickshaw wallahs are in the same situation. Most come from Bihar and are grateful to get any sort of work that keeps them away from India's poorest province.

Panchu's rickshaw, which keeps him and his family just alive, belongs to a *malik*, or boss, who demands a daily rent for its hire. For a 10 hour shift Panchu has to pay 8 rupees (about 55p) punctually at 4pm every day. If he has had no luck with passengers, as sometimes happens, he still has to pay. After paying the rent Panchu has on average 10 to 15 rupees over each day, just enough for the rent on their room and the next meal. "But before 10 years are up my ashes will be scattered in the

river," said Panchu with the quiet resignation of the long oppressed.

From all this labour his boss can enjoy the good life. The average *malik* has 50 rickshaws on the streets, the big boys 200 to 400. Most rickshaws are rented out for two 10 hour shifts a day, seven days a week. So he makes 112 rupees a week for each rickshaw, a weekly return of 5,600 rupees for the average owner (about £373) or nearly £19,000 a year. Suddenly this humble occupation becomes big business. Each rickshaw has a life of five to six years, during which it will have earned the *malik* some 30,000 rupees. As they are built at minimal cost by those too old or ruined to pull any more, it is not a bad investment.

Panchu is lucky in having his family with him. Most have to leave their families behind in Bihar and are squashed into barracks more like an open bicycle



The barefoot rickshaw wallahs work the streets of Calcutta in 10 hour shifts and must pay the *malik* or boss whether or not they find passengers. The men live, eat and sleep in the rickshaw garages, 40 men often sharing floor space measuring 10 feet by 30 feet, sleeping in shifts.

shed than a room, for which they also have to pay the *malik* a high rent. In one of these rickshaw garages in central Calcutta about 40 men shared a floor about 10 feet by 30 feet, sleeping in shifts.

Just to make sure that they do not fritter away any free time, they are obliged to repair and maintain the rickshaws, help build new ones and look after their lodgings. All for no pay, of course. These rickshaw garages are under the strict control of a trusted clerk, who collects the money and reports on any incipient mutiny. If any-

one should step out of line the retribution of the *malik* is swift and harsh.

Though hardly able to support themselves, most rickshaw wallahs have extended families back home who rely on their financial help. So the well trodden path into criminality is often their only salvation. There are few who are not drawn into small-time drug-peddling or pimping. Though modest, the rewards from such part-time illegalities are often greater than the muscle-pulling drudgery in front of their rickshaws. But even in this twilight world of petty crime, it is not often that the rickshaw wallah escapes unscathed. The single rickshaw man trundling through the badly lit streets of Calcutta on the late shift is an easy prey for the gangs of cut-throats who are prepared to kill for 10 rupees.

There is no help from the police: just as the rickshaw wallah depends on

extra income, the upholders of law and order often employ highwayman techniques themselves to supplement their meagre pay. "Two weeks ago," said Panchu, "at about 6pm, when it was still light, I was stopped by a policeman who asked me why I hadn't put on my lights. Then he demanded 10 rupees' baksheesh. I'd only made about 4 rupees and offered him that, but he took me down to the station where four of them beat me up."

West Bengal is governed by the Communist Party of India but it does not seem interested in the problems of the poor. It is more interested in building—at enormous expense, in a city that suffers frequent power cuts and torrential monsoon rains—a new underground system which should alleviate the terrible traffic congestion. Meanwhile more and more roads are banned to the rickshaws, as they are

seen to be aggravating the present traffic chaos. There were even plans to ban this cheap form of transport completely which would have meant the ruin of the rickshaw men and their families. "They want to chase us back to where we came from," says Panchu sadly. It was only after an all-out strike by all the rickshaw men, and the negotiations of the rickshaw union, that the government reconsidered its plans. From morning until night in their office in the suburb of Khetipur union officials are bombarded with the problems of stressed, overworked men.

Says Mr Jha of the union, "The communists promised so much to the poor, but today they are so much worse off than before. The government is not for the little man." But pressure is mounting from all sides against the rickshaw wallahs and their days are clearly numbered.



The Coalport continuum of quality

by Ursula Robertshaw

Despite the fact that it is among the oldest of English ceramic factories, and despite the high quality and fine design of its wares, the products of Coalport have not so far commanded such high prices as those of Worcester, Derby and Chelsea. Partly this is because of the highly complex history of the factory, and partly because there is no standard work on the subject. There was one book, by Geoffrey Godden, now out of print, and another earlier and rather light-hearted one by Compton Mackenzie, also unobtainable. In addition many of the early pieces of Coalport are unmarked and hard to identify, for example the pretty coffee can and saucer illustrated, which, with other antique pieces may be seen at the Coalport Museum, part of the fascinating Ironbridge Gorge complex.

Coalport dates from the 18th century when John Rose, who had been apprenticed at Caughley, set up business at Jackfield on the south bank of the Severn at Ironbridge, in a factory which produced earthenware with rich, dark glazes. In 1795 he moved to Coalport and four years later took over the Caughley works, whose premises were close by. The Rose family, in partnership with others, had control of the firm for most of the 19th century, gaining medals at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

At the turn of the century, after near-bankruptcy, the firm went into something of a decline and from 1923 until 1967 Coalport, by now removed to Staffordshire, underwent several changes of ownership, though still preserving its identity. In 1967 it passed into the safe keeping of the Wedgwood group. The latest pieces, shown in our main picture, demonstrate that without discarding tradition, today's Coalport is of its own age—and still eminently collectable.



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Cup, saucer and flask in Jackfield ware with raised moulded decoration; about 1750.



Coffee can and saucer painted with enamel colours and gilt; unmarked, about 1835-40.



Cup and saucer decorated in maroon underglaze with printed peacock feather motif; about 1900.

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LONDON RENTALS



HAMPSTEAD VILLAGE NW3. A substantial house in an area of the Village dating back to the 1700's and a short walk to the Heath. The carefully renovated interior is on five floors and consists of three/four double bedrooms, one single bedroom, two bathrooms (one ensuite), shower room, one/two reception rooms, TV room, study, magnificent kitchen/breakfast room opening to the garden, and a utility room. Available immediately for two years or longer at £600 a week to be let unfurnished. Company Tenancy required.



ISLINGTON N1. Carefully renovated to a superb standard, incorporating many original features, with furniture of equal standard that complements the rest of the decor this Georgian town house is to be let fully furnished from the 1st September for two years. Three double bedrooms, two single bedrooms, two bathrooms, fine double reception room, additional dining room, kitchen/breakfast room, utility room and garden. A Company Tenancy is required at £300 a week.



HAMPSTEAD VILLAGE NW3. Situated in what is probably the most famous road in Hampstead, this fine house has a history dating back to the early 18th century. It's main feature is the exceptionally large reception room (40ft in length) which is on the first floor. Additionally there are four double bedrooms, two single bedrooms, three bathrooms, a fine dining room, good sized kitchen/breakfast room and a secluded garden. There is a resident house keeper who works five mornings a week at additional cost. Available immediately for two/three years at £700 a week. Company Tenancy required.



HOLLAND PARK W11. Delightfully interior designed to provide a bright and fresh ambience, this four storey Georgian town house is to be let unfurnished for two/three years. There are two double bedrooms, two single bedrooms, two bathrooms (one en suite), a bright double reception room, large kitchen open plan to the dining room which, in turn, opens onto the secluded patio garden. Available immediately to a Company Tenant at £450 a week.



NOTTING HILL W11. This brand new town house is set at the end of a quiet cobbled mews close to local shops and also within ten minutes walk of Notting Hill or Westbourne Grove. To be let fully furnished it would ideally suit a single person or a couple. The property consists of a double bedroom, bathroom, 'T' shaped reception room, well equipped kitchen, large utility/store room, and a garage. Available now for two/three years to a Company Tenant at £200 a week.



CHELSEA SW3. Set in a quiet cul-de-sac just off the North end of Kings Road and near to Sloane Square is this delightful cottage style house which has a 'deceptively large interior. It has two double bedrooms, two single bedrooms, two bathrooms, study, good sized reception room, dining room, kitchen/breakfast room and utility room. Roof terrace and patio garden. It is available now for a year or longer to a Company Tenant at £375 a week.

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The new East-Enders

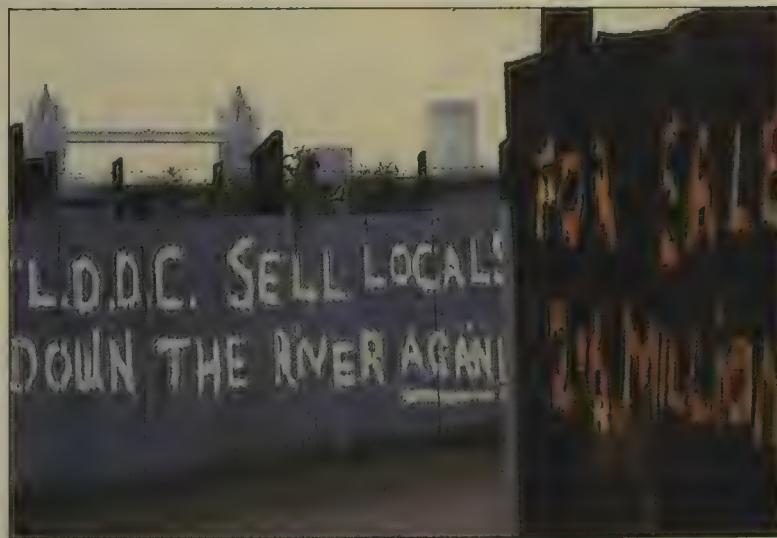
by Tony Rocca. Photographs by Kim Sayer.

Fortunes are being made as London's dockland is transformed from a derelict wasteland into a desirable place to live. Only people brought up there are less than delighted, as wine bars squeeze out the corner shops.



During the last war coloured pins stuck into a map of London's dockland indicated that the East End was being bombed again. Colour codes showed the difference between incendiaries and high explosives as the Luftwaffe devastated tracts of East and West Ham, Southwark, Stepney, Poplar and Bethnal Green. After the war the docks died, victims of containerization, restrictive practices, recession and neglect. But now a different set of pins are advancing: this time across the wall-maps of estate agents, property developers and local planners as 8 square miles of wasteland begin to spring back to life.

Nearly four centuries ago Stow, in his *Survey of London*, described the area east of Tower Bridge as "a continual street, or filthy straight passage with alleys of small tenements or cottages". More than four decades have



Smart residences at Pier Head, Wapping, top, once the quarters of ships' captains, and at Oliver's Wharf (right), a former tea warehouse. Slogans, above, at Cherry Garden Pier, Bermondsey, reveal the conflict between locals and developers.

passed since the Luftwaffe undertook its comprehensive demolition, leaving two generations of bombed-out Cockneys living in pre-fabricated homes originally intended as temporary accommodation. Now gentrification is helping to revive dockland as Londoners rediscover the Thames and the pleasures of riverside living.

Addresses like Wapping High Street or Narrow Street, Limehouse, and the southern tip of the Isle of Dogs, long synonymous with poverty and overcrowding, have become desirable areas. All the symptoms of prosperity are there: wine bars, smart restaurants, parked BMWs, redecorated pubs in areas which used to depend on the fish and chip shops or corner grocers' that still cling tenaciously to the landscape like wild flowers to the cracks of a wall. The Grapes is SDP leader David Owen's local public house; trying ➤

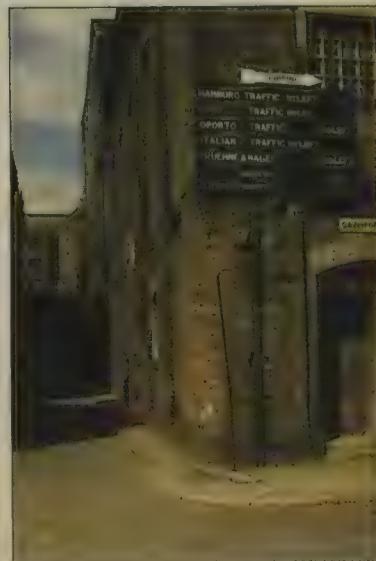


The new East-Enders

to cross Narrow Street to reach it I had to allow three Rolls-Royces to pass one Swiss, one from New Jersey and one with a personalized British plate. David Lean, the film director, is creating for himself a magnificent five-bedroomed property on a waterfront site a few hundred yards away. It cost him £280,000. He is spending £2.1 million doing it up.

Penthouses in what was Alf Garnett-land sell for up to £315,000. Across the river, a *pied à terre* from which the pepper-pot tips of Tower Bridge can just be seen is going for £190,000 (with use of swimming pool). To the southeast it costs around £350 a week to rent a four-bedroomed house on the Isle of Dogs with "Canaletto views" of Greenwich. Small fortunes are being made as the rising tide of the bourgeoisie laps ever higher.

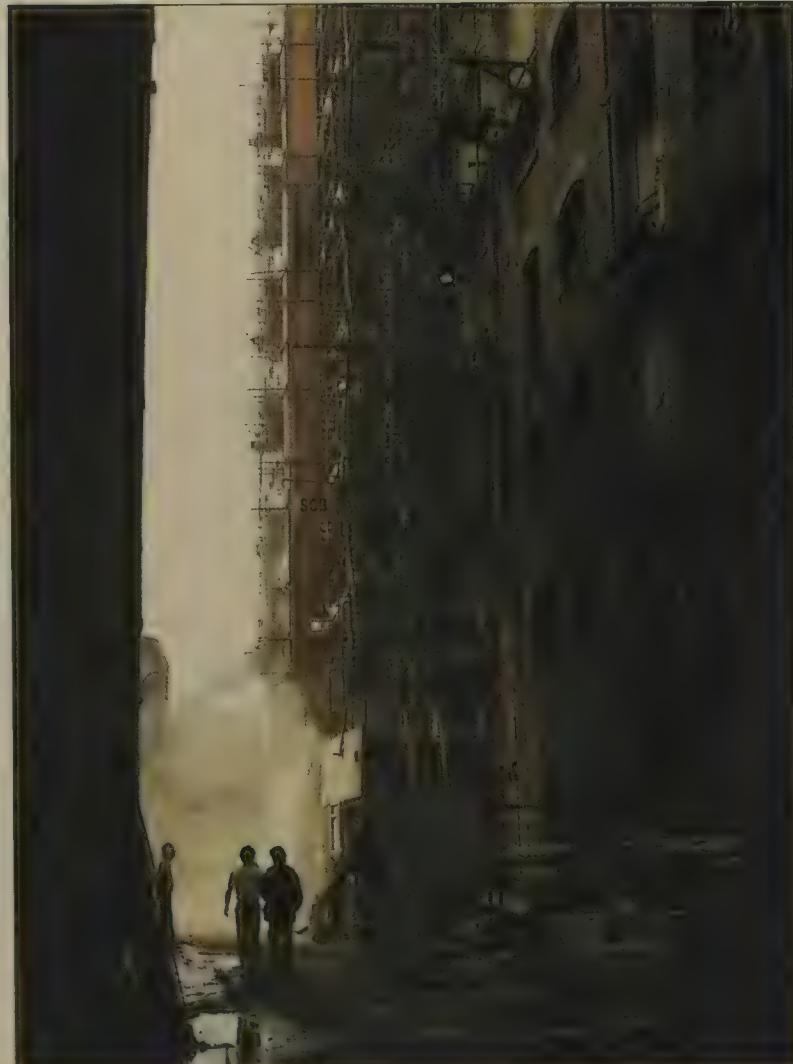
What started all this? Three years ago the Government set up the London Docklands Development Corporation (LDDC) under Sir Nigel Broackes with a £275 million budget to regenerate the largest stretch of urban free space in Europe. It immediately took planning control out of the hands of the three dockland councils, all staunchly left-wing, and set about acquiring land, building roads, sewers and other infrastructure, then selling it to the private sector for "volume"



St John's Wharf, top, redesigned by architect Tony Goddard (opposite). Above, signs of the past at Shad Thames, near Tower Bridge, where ships used to dock. This area, right, near Butler's Wharf is to undergo major redevelopment.

housing. With some 23,000 families on council waiting lists, tension and political conflict was inevitable between the Livingstonian boroughs and the LDDC quango. Overcoming local prejudice is still proving difficult—its roots lie deeper than the obvious tensions between haves and have-nots.

To generations brought up in an area of traditionally high unemployment the dock gates were the place to





Top, New Concordia Wharf, a former grain warehouse that has recently been restored and converted into luxury flats and, above, the creek which separates it from Butler's Wharf (left) and the 13 acre site where the Boilerhouse museum, now at the V & A, will be relocated and housing, shops, and a hotel will be built.

find work. Dockland's slow death over 14 years, culminating in 1981 in the closure of the Royal Docks, has been keenly felt in the East End. It is therefore not surprising to find a natural resistance to outsiders with a lot of money to spend and a desire to make a riparian paradise out of smartened-up wharves and new dockside duplexes. "The fact that if they hadn't come along these beautiful old warehouses would have disappeared entirely hasn't yet dawned on them," says Martin

Carleton-Smith, a dockland estate agent.

Carleton-Smith's wall-map delineates the field of action. Red pins signify the areas of gentrification: 15 in Tower Hamlets, three in Southwark, one in Newham. Green pins are for the private estates, where 4,000 new homes have been started on LDDC land: 15 sites in Newham, 10 in Southwark, nine in Tower Hamlets. Naturally he is optimistic. "There is a massive exercise in social

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THE PROPERTY DEVELOPER

Mrs Rae Hoffenberg



"When I first came here I couldn't see the water because of the solid bank of derelict buildings all along the riverside. Then I came upon this sign saying 'For Auction'. As I opened the door the water was lapping along the wall in front of the building and seagulls were flying in and out; there was a creaky iron door and bird mess all over the place, the noise of pantechicons outside and total silence inside. I just thought it was magical. I jumped up and bought it for £100,000, not knowing anything about planning permission, and got a ruin with a marvellous robust structure. The exterior walls date from 1830 and all the rafters, beams and purlins were intact although they were open to the sky,

and there was inch-thick deal flooring ... all totally damp-proof, as it used to be a tea warehouse, of course. The whole atmosphere—the history, the tiny arched leaded windows, its character—I was so in love with it; I was thrilled. There are very few of these lovely old sleeping warehouses left: most were destroyed in the war. Living here now it's still as magical as ever. See how the river mood changes, from high tide on a calm and peaceful day to low tide on a windy, violent, exciting one. You enter a kind of magical world on the River Thames: seagulls and cormorants, the royal swans parading up and down; sunrise or sunset where Turner painted; the brightness, the light, the sound of the wind, space."

THE ARCHITECT

Tony Goddard



"The nice thing about Wapping is it's off the beaten track yet right next to the City: the road goes along the top of it and there's no reason to go into it unless you are going there. It's certainly got a village identity, but it's losing its edge because the walls that held the village away from the rest of London have either gone, or lost their importance by being reduced in height. And certainly as development fills in back to The Highway there's no doubt it's going to change out of all proportion and gentrification will swamp the traditional population. I dislike all the volume building schemes: most of them miss the point of the morphology of the area—for example, there's a lot

of formality with the old buildings, and great simpleness both in the detail and in the way that they were laid out. We've certainly been trying to translate that into a domestic language instead of the sort of jumble housing that's mostly going up at the moment where there's no formality, not much detail to pick on that isn't just lip service. They aren't diverting much from their normal route: they've got to build to a cost. There are some more exciting things proposed, but on the river edge I always say that there has to be something rather more heroic, with scale and stature. Certainly the little schemes that have been appearing so far have lacked those qualities."

The new East-Enders

engineering going on, and it's wonderfully exciting," he says. "There's something for everyone here in our community of villages, just like being in the country."

If the experiences of Terry Walker, a public-relations man, are typical it is not hard to see why dockland's population is expected to expand from its present 40,000 to 65,000. Walker and his young family hope to move into a house in Beckton costing £57,500 which they have found after a frustrating search—for despite his connexions (the LDDC is a client), "wherever we wanted to talk seriously to a sales negotiator we found people in front of us in the queue, buying."

At what used to be known as Millwall Graving Dock (now "Clippers Quay, where the Living Is Easy" in brochure jargon) they were enchanted by the "Venetian-style development of mixed housing, with beautiful landscaped walks and views" selling for £74,000 and more. "There are notices saying 'Everything sold in this phase; orders now being taken for Phase Two,'" says Walker. "One fellow we came across has bought three properties there as an investment. He reckons he can sell two and the one he'll be left with will be paid for out of the profits he's made."

Many "volume" homes are going to local council tenants at prices carefully controlled between £29,750 and £90,000 so as to be within the means of the average London wage-earner but not pitched low enough to attract speculators. It is a delicate balancing act for the LDDC: at Free Trade Wharf in Limehouse for instance, land which sold for £171,000 an acre four years ago has increased in value ten-fold, thanks to the grant of planning permission for housing.

The birth of the LDDC was clearly the catalyst for revival and change in this saga of the new East-Enders. Yet the gentrification process is a much older story, with its roots in a two-line personal announcement in *The Times* 15 years ago. St Katharine's Dock (by the Tower: now flourishing as a marina and tourist Mecca) had just closed. A little to the east a gaunt old tea wharf had caught the eye of an imaginative architect, Tony Goddard, and a few friends. "Nobody was interested in putting money down in the docks in any big way then," he says, "so we advertised saying, 'Here is an opportunity to live on the river'."

Inundated with private inquiries, they hastily bought the building, complete with planning permission, for £100,000—"which we thought scandalous, but we got 23 flats out of it". Each had a floor area of 2,180 square feet (space enough for three, three-bedroomed Barratt homes) and sold for £14,000 to £16,000. Four years later they knew their enthusiasm had been well placed: one re-sold for £100,000,

THE FAMILY MAN

Terry Walker



(Terry is with his wife Gaynor, their son Ben, two and a half, and her son Julian, 16, from a previous marriage.) "We are first-time buyers really as we've been unable to sell our ranch-style home in the Isle of Man. We had a quick look in areas we wanted to live in like Hampstead and Highgate and found we just couldn't get anything for the kind of money we were likely to be able to raise. We looked at all the developments in dockland, just wandering round, and found people queuing up in front of us to buy. We saw this one for £57,500: we think we've been lucky. It has four bedrooms, the end house on a site that opened for sale a month ago—just 14 houses built around a courtyard, with garages and landscaped gardens. Within three minutes of the show house opening they'd sold one at £75,000 and now they've sold the lot, just on the strength of two being completed! Because we've got a young family we were very concerned about parks and play areas and schools, which is why we chose Beckton (they've got the famous Beckton Alps: a sort of ski slope). We're about 6 miles or 20 minutes from the City, out of rush-hour, about half a mile from the Royal Docks and another half mile from the river. For shopping there's East Ham, they've set up an Asda supermarket here and more shops are coming: an estate agent's, butcher's, wine merchant's and Texas Home Care. I'm sure values will shoot up."



Near the terminus of the light railway which is being built in the Isle of Dogs Enterprise Zone to link the area with the City of London.

and local agents say it could fetch twice that were it to go on the market today.

In the early 1970s Wapping High Street was a canyon of derelict warehouses. Each one would have been worth more than £1 million now, but they are no more. Attempts to deter property speculators with punitive rates on empty properties led to a series of "Friday night fires" and within 18 months they had all to be pulled down, adding to dockland's desolation. Apart

from Oliver's (Typhoo Tea) Wharf, where Goddard still lives, only Gun Wharf and St John's Wharf were left. Gun has been beautifully restored by Barratt (penthouses from £275,000) and an anonymous developer has spent £1.7 million virtually rebuilding St John's to Goddard's clever design, which includes an atrium (the last penthouse, 2,800 square feet, went recently for £310,000). Tony Goddard is still redesigning Wapping: an office develop-

ment next to St Katharine's and an adjoining mixed project of offices and luxury flats are his latest ventures.

Directly across the river an old grain warehouse at New Concordia Wharf has been done up by property speculator Andrew Wadsworth, and his China Wharf flats next door are all under offer, even though they are not yet built.

Other developments in the area are the 13 acre Butler's Wharf site on which Sir Terence Conran, Jacob Rothschild and Alistair McAlpine are spending £50 million to build flats, shops, low-cost housing, a hotel and the relocated Boilerhouse museum (from the Victoria & Albert Museum). The former racing driver Chris Craft has transformed Lloyd's Wharf by creating 24 flats around a cobbled courtyard. He estimates the current price for a derelict warehouse to be £1.4 million, "to which you can add up to £23 a square foot for refurbishment". Pop stars favour the area, as their video production studios are located in what was a dog biscuit warehouse near by.

One of the pioneers of the revival is Mrs Rae Hoffenberg, who came to Britain from South Africa in the 60s, fell in love with the Thames and could not understand why there should be mile upon mile of dereliction on the edge of the City. With her creative drive as an interior designer spurring her on, acquisition followed acquisition until now she owns everything from number 14 to number 28 Narrow Street, with only the arrival of David Lean barring further advances eastwards. If her own penthouse is any guide, the 13 Hoffenberg apartments are a splendid example of the transformation from a shabby Victorian industrial building to tasteful residences for the affluent with their 42 foot living rooms and cascades of plants.

Disheartened by a planning wrangle with the LDDC, she says: "I absolutely approve of houses going from £30,000 to £1 million. I want to see a mixed community here of all income groups, from unskilled workers to skilled. But I am distressed about seeing unimaginative private schemes going up all over dockland. I haven't stopped battling for 10 years, and it's been a long haul."

Despite all the redevelopment, it still requires an act of faith to believe that 10 years hence London's dockland will be a new Venice, with water-buses, boutiques, trattorias and homes built on stilts over water. Yet a City workers' playground, with its own airport, light railway link and sunrise industries may not be so far-fetched a notion. The Isle of Dogs Enterprise Zone is a reality (Limehouse television studios, earth satellite stations and so on). The short take-off airport at the Royal Docks is expected to be in operation next year after five years of controversy. Work on the railway has begun. New business and wealth is being generated. The renaissance is developing its own momentum.

Searching through the centuries at Old Kandahar

by Svend Helms

Conquered by Alexander the Great in 330 BC, Kandahar in Afghanistan has a history going back nearly 3,000 years. The author's excavations there ended prematurely when the Russians invaded the country in 1979.

Afghanistan occupies a strategic position between Iran, the Great Eurasian Steppes and the Indian subcontinent. Kandahar lies on the major routes linking the three. Excavations at this great ancient city began in 1974 under the auspices of the British Institute of Afghan Studies and the Society for Afghan Studies. They ended with the Russian invasion.

The site, about 4 miles west of the present city, is one of the largest ruins in the province of Kandahar, whose ancient name—Arachosia—occurs in records of the Achaemenian empire, established in Persia in 550 BC.

We have uncovered remains of two great establishments on the site. The first dictated the shape and character of all later cities there, up to the final bombardment by the Persian army in AD 1738; the second may have been an Achaemenian city.

The earlier city at Kandahar was built in the lee of a mountain ridge and covered an area of about 50 hectares. Its mud walls were solid throughout and almost 15 metres wide. A great moat surrounded the city. Within this *enceinte* ran a line of buildings forming a roofed corridor with massive mud and stone piers at regular intervals.

The area within the city was left open, except for a citadel which is one of the largest and earliest man-made structures in Afghanistan. Tons of freshly quarried earth, mountains of stone and millions of bricks went into the construction of this building which still dominates the ancient city, and served as a podium for the palaces of the city's many rulers. Two solid round towers can still be seen flanking the north face of the structure, now scarred by erosion and pitted by artillery fire. The foundations are dated between 700 and 550 BC.

The second city at Old Kandahar was built on the remains of the first, the new scheme reminiscent of both western and central Asian military architecture. A long and powerful line of casemated curtains (walls containing vaulted chambers) and, probably, regularly spaced towers crowned the earlier walls and rose at least 11 metres above them. The moat was recut and solid earth ramparts were added inside and outside the fortifications.

It is possible to reconstruct the original design, which is one of the earliest systems yet discovered to employ mud in the manner of concrete—the hallmark of Roman architecture.

The records show that Arachosia was a province of the Achaemenian Empire between 521 and 486 BC. A clay tablet fragment bearing a sixth century Elamite inscription was found near the citadel. This city was probably the capital of the Achaemenian province of Arachosia. Its massive fortifications must have confronted Alexander the Great in the winter of 330 BC. The Macedonian campaign ended the first epoch of Old Kandahar.

A Greek political and cultural revival took place at the city in the second century when the northern and indirect heirs of Alexander (the Euthymids) extended their control into India and Arachosia.

The end of this era is dramatically

represented. Suddenly a new culture is evident. Terracotta figurines of horsemen, the "signature" of the Saca or Indo-Scythians from the Eurasian Steppes, have been found on the site.

Alexander's campaign was revenge for the Persian wars. Six hundred years later the east again threatened the late classical west. In the conflict with the Sasanians the Emperor Valerian was slain in battle. Coins of Sasanian kings have been found at Old Kandahar. The next era of the city was as part of the eastern Sasanian domain; but little has survived apart from coins and pottery. In the period between the fourth and the ninth centuries only two events were documented and evidence shows that the city was abandoned.

Several strange burials were found within the walls of the ancient city. These can be dated by coins found in the mouths of the cadavers, reflecting a practice that may go back to Greek Kandahar. The coins are in the late Sasanian style of the sixth century AD. But by far the most important event during this epoch is the construction or reconstruction of an imposing Buddhist monument on a high ridge above the dead city.

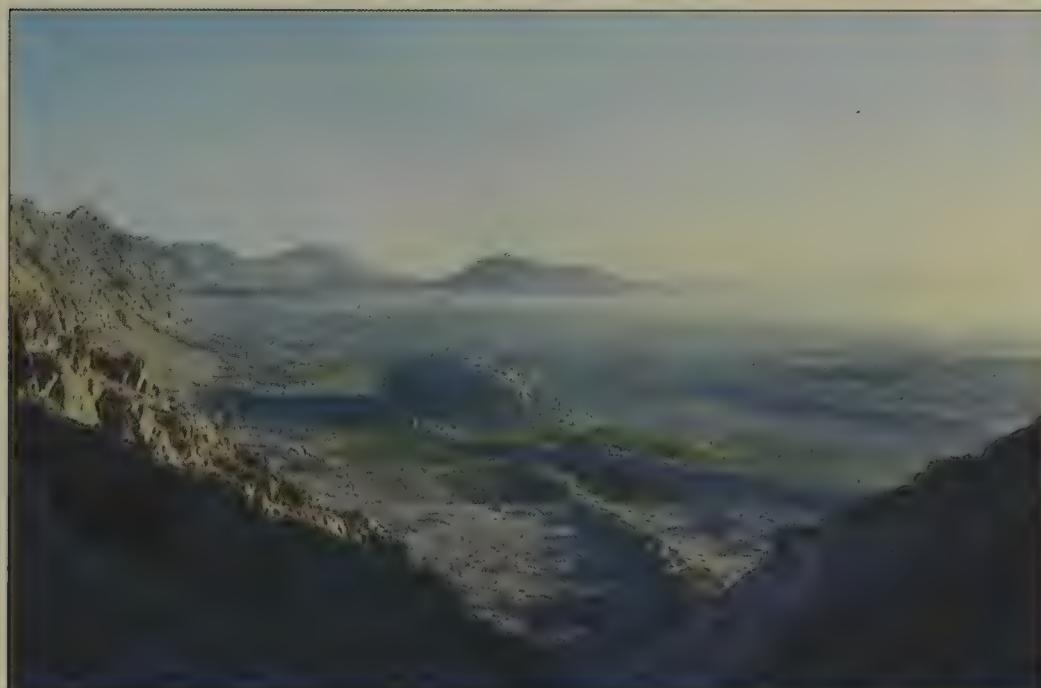
King Ashoka's edict of 260 BC was the first political expression of Buddhism in Old Kandahar. It is possible that a monument, perhaps a column, was erected where the shrine now

stands. There is some evidence of an earlier stage, but the structures which remain were altered during the seventh and eighth centuries AD. More than 100 coins were found in the shrine as a foundation deposit. Most of them belong to a local currency but two were Umayyad coins. In the seventh century the Sasanian domains came under the rule of the Umayyad caliphs of Damascus whose generals led repeated raids eastwards. The result was the collapse of Buddhism and conversion to Islam.

There are signs of revival in the city during the ninth century. But the first solid evidence of anything new is dated in the Ghaznavid period. Pottery and coins attest to the presence of the Afghans who rose to power in the area of Ghazni. The earliest coin found belongs to Maudud who ruled from AD 1041 to 1048.

Genghis Khan overran the city in the 13th century and his descendant Tamburlaine did the same in 1383. Kandahar was then taken by the Arguns, a local dynasty of governors, and retaken by Babur, a descendant of Tamburlaine, in 1522. From this time until 1738 the struggle for Kandahar was divided between the Mughals of India, the Saffavids of Persia and the Afghans. We have poignant indications of the final stage that saw the demise of the city in 1738. Iron cannon balls were found embedded in the walls of the Buddhist stupa. The vihara (shrine) had become a gun position.

So the city ceased to exist. With the rebuilding of new Kandahar to the east, builders carted off soil and stones. The level areas of the site came under cultivation. Yet, when we came to excavate, we were still only able to scratch the surface of this city steeped in history.



The city wall and citadel at Old Kandahar, above left, dating from about 700 BC. Above right, workers in the 130-metre-long great trench excavated between 1976 and 1978.



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TRAVEL

On safari in Tanzania

by David Tennant



Mount Kilimanjaro, snow-capped and cloud free, rising majestically from the brown, green and grey patchwork of the plains beneath gives a breathtaking welcome to Tanzania. At 19,340 feet it is Africa's highest mountain, some 3° south of the Equator and almost wholly within Tanzania; only its northern slopes cross the border with Kenya. An obliging pilot circled it twice, enabling all of us on board the KLM Airbus to gaze into the long-extinct crater as the sun glistened on the snowfields.

By the time we had landed at the airport named after it, gone through the inevitable formalities and bundled into the Tanzania Tourist Corporation minibus, clouds had enveloped the summit. But those first few minutes had been a stimulating introduction to this fascinating country with its scenery on the grandest scale and superb wildlife. Poor it most certainly is and one must abandon Western yardsticks on arrival and accept the shortages, inconveniences, breakdowns and bureaucracy (none is very onerous).

My visit was concentrated in the north of the country and included three of the 10 national parks—the 6,000 square mile Serengeti with the famous Ngorongoro Crater, the Tarangire and the Lake Manyara—and ended with a short stay on the lush lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. It was around 750 miles of travel in eight days over roads which ranged from remarkably good to rock-strewn tracks or none at all.

We were often within a few feet of lion, cheetah, elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, giraffe, impala, gazelle, wildebeest, buffalo, warthog, antelope, monkey, baboon, hyena and zebra. With the exception of the cheetah, they were in quantity. Only the elusive leopard failed to show up, although our guide assured us they were about. On previous safaris in other countries luck often played a big part in what one saw but in Tanzania the wildlife seemed to be almost everywhere. True, good fortune was with us on several occasions.

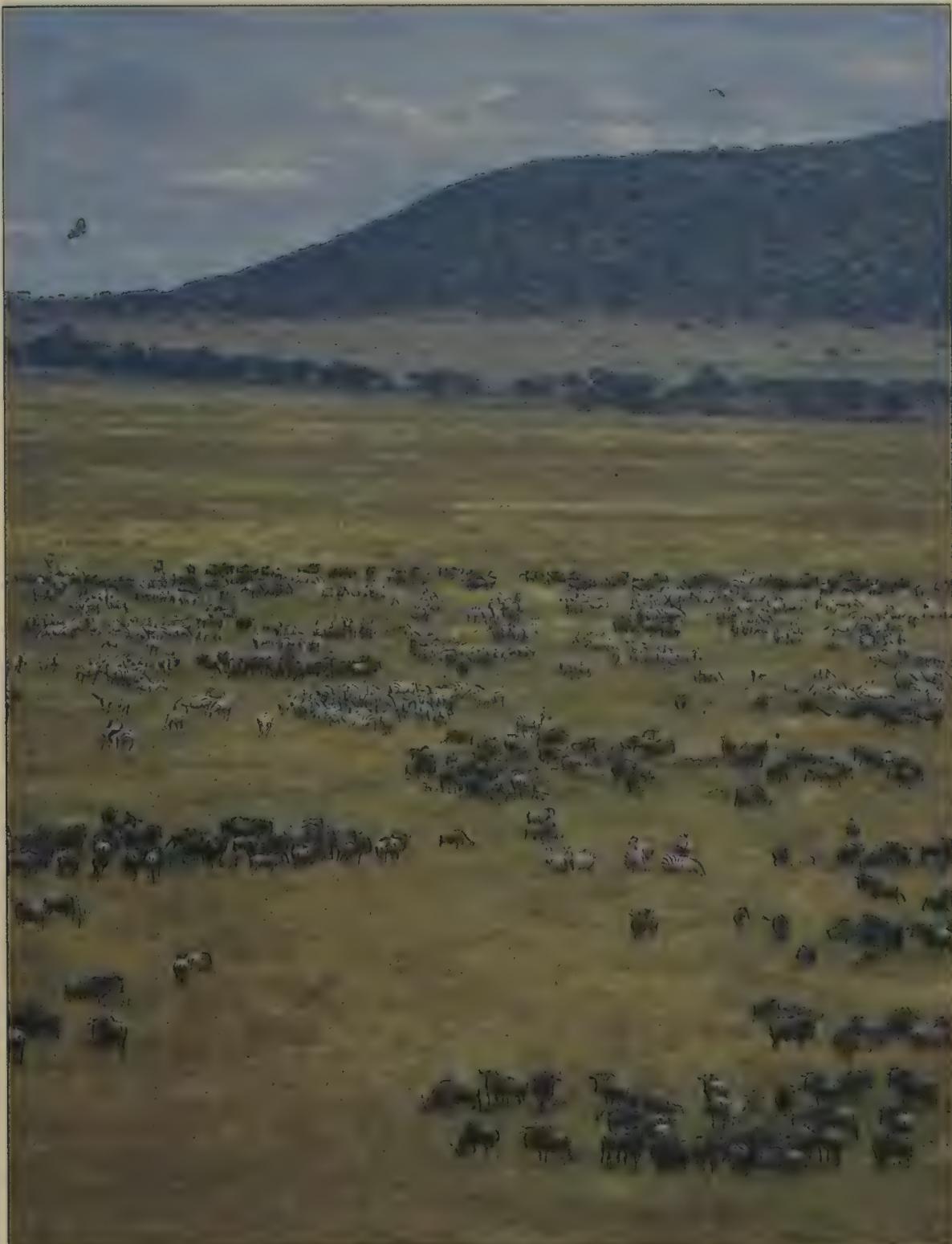
Wildlife in Tanzania: sleeping lion in a tree in Lake Manyara National Park, above; wildebeest and zebra roam the Serengeti, right.

The stalking and killing of a gazelle by a lithe young female cheetah was tense, exciting and momentarily repellent, while the elaborate though not overlengthy courtship and final mating of a male and female ostrich ending in a noisy flurry of feathers and dust was fascinating.

None of the animals and few of the birds are in the least perturbed by the vehicles—minibuses and specially adapted Land-Rovers—which one has to stay inside much of the time. However, sliding roofs and windows ensure good views.

Barely an hour after arriving at the Lake Manyara Hotel with its uninterrupted views from the edge of an escarpment (part of the Great Rift Valley) we had seen a lion asleep in a tree as well as herds of elephant, and gazelle, zebra and wildebeest in the bush. As the sun went down part of the lake appeared to be tinged with pink, the result of around 10,000 flamingoes being reflected in the water. The following morning we had a closer look, driving to the edge of the lake as the birds pecked about in the shallow water or took off in squadrons to circle around and land again. Near by was a herd of hippopotamus. I counted at least 25 adults and several young ones. On the banks, and occasionally splashing into the pool, were Egyptian geese exactly like those depicted on the walls of the Pharaohs' tombs.

The Ngorongoro Crater is scenically stunning with serrated side walls, covered in vegetation, rising steeply to 2,000 feet above the floor. The crater is 10 miles in diameter and covers an area of roughly 102 square miles. You come on it quite suddenly and as you gaze down at the interior the first impression is of emptiness. But nothing could be less accurate as it is one of the world's finest wildlife areas. Nobody lives



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE COLEMAN

within the crater, the last of the Masai having departed, not altogether willingly, 11 years ago, although their herdsmen remain with the cattle.

The Wildlife Lodge here has a fine situation on the rim with the whole crater visible from its terrace. We descended the narrow zig-zag road in a Land-Rover and spent the better part of a day there viewing the animals and birds. Around a small lake were more flamingoes as well as flocks of egrets, avocets, duck and sandpipers. A herd of rhinoceros—these massive creatures somehow or other can make their way up and down the steep sides—grazed within 100 yards of our vehicle although the driver kept a wary eye on them. A mile farther on we came across a pride of lions.

In the eastern Serengeti we visited the Olduvai Gorge, in some respects like a miniature Grand Canyon. Here in 1959 the archaeologist Dr Mary Leakey found substantial evidence of very early Man, dating from around 1.75 million years ago. Close by is a small museum showing, in pictures and diagrams and various artifacts, the work carried out there which was started, in 1931, by her husband Dr Louis Leakey. But for me the most vivid memory was a group of half a dozen Masai women, tall and erect, each with a traditional, broad, multi-coloured neckband, metal anklets and other dazzling decorations, standing like a perfectly composed ebony carving in the shade of a tree.

It came as a surprise to learn that in

recent years more than 6,000 people annually have climbed Kilimanjaro and two-thirds of them reached the top. The climbs are well organized (no one is permitted to go independently) and take about three days to go up and two to come down.

The Kibo Hotel on the luxuriant lower slopes of the mountain, but still 5,000 feet up, is one of the main bases for climbers. This old establishment with its beautiful gardens was built during the German administration of Tanganyika, 100 years ago.

The game lodges, one or two of which are beautifully designed, are comfortable, clean and provide friendly, if at times chaotic, service. There are shortages, with hot water not always available and electric power

switched off by 11 pm, the latter no great inconvenience after a day in the bush. The food I found adequate in quality, more than sufficient in quantity, but the choice was limited and there were fewer fruits and vegetables than I had expected.

The most convenient way to see the wildlife, other than for the dedicated enthusiast, is to go on an organized safari either direct from the UK (and many other countries) or by joining one in Tanzania. Now that the border with Kenya is fully open again one can visit the game parks in both countries. I have spoken to some people who have done this and while they were impressed with the facilities in Kenya it was the wildlife in Tanzania that had made the greatest impression.

Getting there: Direct route, London (Heathrow) via Amsterdam by KLM to Kilimanjaro, about 15 hours. Weekly service departing Amsterdam, Saturday evenings, returning Tuesday mornings. Return fares: Club Class £1,206; 45-day excursion £859. Also British Airways/Air Tanzania via Dar es Salaam.

Visa: Not required for UK passport holders but a Visitors' Pass must be obtained from the Tanzania High Commission.

Medical requirements: Yellow fever inoculation compulsory and protection against cholera, typhoid, tetanus and polio strongly recommended. Anti-malaria precautions essential.

When to go: Best months are December to February; July to September. Heavy rains March to May but can vary. For the Kilimanjaro climb, November to February is usually best.

Inclusive safaris: More than 20 UK companies arrange these. Here is a selection with prices from London.

Abercrombie & Kent: 17 days Nairobi, Lake Manyara, Serengeti, Ngorongoro, Arusha (for Kilimanjaro), Nairobi, £1,498 to £1,595, full board, bed and breakfast in Nairobi. Kilimanjaro climb £435 extra.

Kuoni: 10 days to Kilimanjaro, Ngorongoro, Serengeti, Manyara, Arusha, £894, full board, bed and breakfast in Arusha. Five-night extension to Dar es Salaam or seven nights to Mombasa available at an all-in cost of £998 to £1,082.

Safari Consultants: Formerly Kenya-based, this company arranges top-quality individual safaris and also caters for small groups.

Addresses: Tanzania Tourist Office, 77 South Audley Street, London W1Y 5TA (01-499 7727); Tanzania High Commission, 43 Hertford Street, W1Y 7TF (01-499 8951); KLM, New Bond Street, W1Y 0AD (01-568 9266); Abercrombie & Kent, Sloane Square House, Holbein Place, SW1W 8NS (01-730 9600); Kuoni Travel, Kuoni House, Dorking RH5 4AZ (0306 885044); Safari Consultants, 83 Gloucester Place, W1H 3PG (01-486 4774).

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WINE

Al fresco drinking

by Peta Fordham

I recently came across some articles written by that fine old maestro of gastronomy, Ambrose Heath, and realized how thoroughly he understood the fundamentals of matching food with wine—and both to circumstance. I always remember his recommendation to substitute a luscious sweet wine for a dessert at the end of a meal out of doors—a most practical idea, for the dessert is always the messiest part of a picnic, and to linger over a glass is much more pleasant.

Outdoor eating is frequently on the patio or lawn, especially for the town-dweller, on the very sensible principle that food really does taste better in the open, while wine seems to perk up at the sudden impact of increased oxygen in the air as the cork is drawn.

There is little difference in the choice of wines for indoor or outdoor summer drinking: warmer weather requires a degree of lightness in the reds, a little more acidic balance to the whites and, on the whole, a slight reduction in the alcohol content all round, allowing for more "quaffing" in thirsty weather. Until, that is, the time for that luscious sweetness arrives, for the big dessert wines are heavy.

The lists this year have been full of good ideas. The young, fresh *vinho verde*, the new generation of white Riojas and Navarre whites, young, preferably still slightly *pétillant* Muscadets, new *vins de table* from France (especially from the south-west), the less expensive Italian whites (reserving the exquisite new generation of these for the grand hamper), and the special offers from trustworthy merchants are all suitable suggestions for the simple picnic or outdoor meal at home. A by no means expensive Chilean Chardonnay is a good companion for almost anything requiring a dryish white; and there is a wealth of choice (especially to go with fish) to be found along the Loire, though that temperamental district requires advice from a specialist merchant to be entirely reliable.

I mentioned the Chilean Chardonnay. This grape is very much on the upgrade throughout the vine areas of the world and there are good examples to be found from France, Italy, California, New Zealand and even England (Oddbins have a fine selection). From the north of Italy, notably Friuli, come some of the most exciting new white wines, while a Gavi from Piedmont has joined the ranks of the classic Frascati, Verdicchios and other familiar Italian whites.

Thinking of a picnic in the grand manner, one naturally considers the white burgundies; but these have become so expensive that, except for the straight Chardonnays (and special offers), one can give them a miss, as

there are plenty of wines which are better value.

Turning to the reds, Spanish wines from the Penedés, and from Navarre (recent arrivals), are especially suited to summer drinking. The Navarres in particular are light, a pleasing, clear ruby red, rather fruity and with youthful vigour. The Riojas have risen a good deal in price and these new imports are a good alternative. Evening picnics (Glyndebourne hampers perhaps?) may call for more classic French reds, those of Graves being particularly well matched with lamb, while the Médoc always seems ideal with cold beef; but here, individual taste must always overrule any advice. No red wine is safe with chicken or turkey unless the origin of the bird is known. Only grain-fed poultry (especially when cold) will accord with red wine: the slightest taint of fish-meal in the flesh will give a most disagreeable taste to the wine. Assuming that one has a good bird, many people agree that a red wine will go better with poultry (or of course game) out of doors, than will white. Remember therefore some of the wines that the Italians take on picnics—Dolcetto, Sassicaia and Barbera.

Here are some of the wine merchants whose lists contain good suggestions or useful offers for outdoor drinking. Pride of place must go to Yapp Bros, Mere, Wiltshire (0747 860423) whose summer list could meet almost all needs (they are Loire and Rhône specialists). Adnams, The Crown, Southwold, Suffolk (0502 724222) have a good party wine section in their list and some of the best Italian buys in this country. There are also some very good Italian wines available from Barwell & Jones, 24 Fore Street, Ipswich, Suffolk (0473 56751); and first-class summer drinking and tasting cases from John Harvey, Whitchurch Lane, Bristol (0272 836161). Good on the Loire and with an outstanding and inexpensive Chardonnay are Tanners, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury (0743 52421). Peter Dominic have a lovely Chardonnay di Appiano. Colman's of Norwich have a 3 litre Moselblümchen cask, a pleasant wine available from Waitrose and Sainsbury, both of which have extremely good stocks of suitable wine in their own lists. Dolamore's (London, Oxford and Cambridge) have special offers. Good Spanish wines are available from Arriba Kettle, St Philips Place, Birmingham (021-236 8186) and Direct Wine Supplies, 82a Town Centre, Hatfield, Herts (07072 65532).

Wine of the month

A suggestion for your picnic dessert course: Château Lafaurie-Peyraguey 1978. A very good vintage, from the reliable house of Cordier. This is deliciously sweet but not cloying and is just ready for drinking. It costs £8.97 a bottle from Adnams.

New developments in the Saab saga

by Stuart Marshall

Many cars have been styled to look like aircraft, or even interplanetary rockets, but few have actually been created by aeronautical engineers. One of the tiny minority is Saab, which this year celebrates its 25th anniversary in Britain.

The initials SAAB stand for Svenska Aeroplans AB, or Swedish Aircraft Company, and its decision to get into car manufacture came in the middle of the Second World War. It reasoned that when hostilities ended there would be a huge surplus of military aircraft—its main product—and a severe shortage of cars.

When the first Saab car, the model 92, appeared in 1947, it was years in advance of most current models. It had front-wheel drive, all-round torsion bar springing and a genuinely aerodynamic body. The model 92 did not go into full production until 1950 but it had an exceptionally long life. The last variant, a type 96, rolled off the line in 1980.

During its long lifetime the 92 had first a two-cylinder, two-stroke engine, then a three-cylinder, two-stroke and finally a German Ford V4. The first Saabs to be imported into Britain were three-cylinder model 95s. The two-stroke units, though small in capacity, howled up to extremely high revolutions. A well driven Saab took a lot of catching. The gearshift was on the steering column and a freewheel was incorporated in the transmission. It was needed to prevent the two-stroke engine's fast, uneven idling from making the car jerky to drive in traffic.

Two-stroke engines were lubricated by mixing oil with the petrol, and the inevitably smoky exhaust became unacceptable in Sweden and other western markets. Hence the decision to use a German Ford V4. When the next Saab car, the model 99, came along it was powered by a development of the British Triumph Dolomite in-line four-cylinder engine. The 92 and its variants, which included a five-door estate car with rear-facing occasional seats that allowed it to carry seven people, had been enormously successful in international rallies. When the 99 appeared it was a disappointment. Everyone had expected a car that would carry Saab to new glories in rallying—but the 99 was rather dull, despite its all-round disc brakes and aerodynamic, if singular, styling.

Saab yielded to public demand and increased its power substantially, first by fuel injection. But the real breakthrough was in 1978 when Saab became the first volume manufacturer to supply an off-the-peg turbocharged car. The 99 and 900 (a booted saloon developed from the 99) have been steadily improved over the years. They have become faster, more refined and



more economical though their appearance remains essentially unchanged. Like aircraft, their outline is altered only for practical, never for cosmetic, reasons.

That is the main reason, but it is also true to say that a company as small as Saab in world car-producing terms simply cannot afford to make frequent changes. The engines powering the latest models are directly related to the 1.7 litre four-cylinder first seen in the model 99 of 1969 though they show the results of continuous development. Today's 2 litre four-cylinder, fuel-injected in all but the cheapest models and turbocharged in the more expen-

sive ones, is among the best of its kind in production.

Five years ago I drove a US-specification 900 Turbo in Mexico and the low-octane petrol damaged the engine during sustained high-speed running. Saab was then working on a device called APC (for automatic performance control) which would allow a turbocharged engine to run on high- or low-octane fuel without any problems. Two years ago I drove a Saab 900 Turbo from Frankfurt to Prague. In Czechoslovakia the petrol is even worse than in Mexico, but the APC-equipped car ran as well on it as it had on German super.

Saab style: the new Saab 9000, above, due in Britain in the autumn; the 92, left, the original model which first appeared in 1947; the experimental EV-1 2+2 sports coupé, below left, with solar panels in the glass roof.

The latest move by Saab to keep its 2 litre four-cylinder up among the leaders has been the evolution of a 16-valve cylinder head, driven by two overhead camshafts. This engine now powers the Turbo 16 models, which will cruise on the autobahns of West Germany at 130 mph or, just as happily, pull fifth gear from 35 mph upwards. It is also used in the latest Saab, the 9000 model, which is due to go on sale in Britain this autumn. A price of £16,000 has been suggested for this executive express, which will compete on performance and refinement terms with Europe's best cars.

With the 9000 not yet here, Saab has made it clear it is not planning to rest on its laurels. A convertible version of the 900, first seen at the Frankfurt show nearly two years ago, will soon be on sale in the USA. An experimental 2+2 sports coupé made its public débüt in Los Angeles a few weeks ago. EV-1 is based on the 900 Turbo 16. Its familiar 2 litre engine has been developed to produce 285 horsepower, giving EV-1 a top speed of 168 mph.

The futuristic body, with a top made entirely of glass, is aerodynamically efficient and is shaped to keep the car pressed firmly on the road at the highest speeds. Front and rear ends absorb shocks elastically and regain their shape undamaged. A new feature is the incorporation of solar cells in the roof. They generate electricity which powers a fan that changes the air inside the parked car once each minute. Left in strong sunlight, the EV-1 would not feel like a tropical greenhouse when the owner returned. Saab says EV-1 will never go into production but some of its features will unquestionably be seen in future models.

Farmers under fire

From Dr C. D. Needham

Dear Sir,
Richard North's article [ILN, April] provides a good example of the strange blinkered thinking which renders difficult any logical approach to the very real problems posed by the embarrassing efficiency of our agricultural industry. We, the public, pay the farmers (direct price plus subsidy) at the farm gate a total mounting to 13 times the pre-war price of wheat; we pay the coal industry, at pit level, 40 to 45 times the pre-war price; wages in general are 30 to 60 times pre-war level; so who is being subsidized?

When farmers put in the hedges 200 to 250 years ago they were abused. Now they are again when they remove them—or sometimes only re-arrange them. But which of your readers is still content to use the kitchen or bathroom fittings of 70 to 100 years ago? And do we not constantly hear industry being criticized for not investing in change and modernization?

But of course there is a very serious problem of countryside preservation. Much of this is due to urban and commercial sprawl and to roadways and pollution from vehicles. But agricultural attitudes and practice do matter greatly, and the many caring farmers should be encouraged rather than just blindly abused. After all, it is the pressure for cheap farm-gate prices to allow multiple middlemen profits and cheap (yes, cheap) food that has pressurized farmers into their often regrettable "high efficiency" methods.

I have no financial interests in agriculture, just a country dweller's interest.

C. D. Needham
Drumgray
Edrom, Berwickshire

The changing telephone box

From Thomas T. Foose

Dear Sir,
In his article on the changing telephone box [ILN, May] Philip Davies tends to denigrate the American-made booths now being installed in Britain. How I wish we had such fine-looking booths here. In New York City, at least, the enclosed outdoor telephone booths have almost vanished, replaced by coin boxes mounted on a pole. Such pay-telephones offer neither privacy nor protection from the elements.

What is worse, many indoor telephone booths, some equipped with a seat and a folding glass door, are being replaced by a row of telephones attached to a wall. The pleasure of a pleasant, private conversation from a telephone booth is becoming a thing of the past. The new phones are suitable only for brief exchanges shouted above

the noise of the street or hotel lobby.

If British Telecom still provides enclosed booths, be thankful. Do not permit anti-Americanism to get in the way of clear thinking.

Thomas T. Foose
6 Montague Terrace
Brooklyn, New York 11201

What makes a champion?

From Dr P. D. O'Brien

Dear Sir,
I disagree with David Stafford-Clark [ILN, June] that Fred Perry was an exponent of "power tennis," let alone a pioneer of this type of game. Perry's greatness lay in his superb physical fitness, his determination to win, his forehand drive and his mastery of the early, rising-ball return. Tilden, Vines and Budge were all exponents of the "power game", but not Perry. Furthermore, Vines preceded Perry as a world-class player, having won the US National Championships in 1931 and 1932 as well as the Wimbledon Championships in 1932.

I am not aware that Donald Budge innovated or ever even used a two-fisted backhand drive. In his book, *Budge on Tennis*, written when he was at the height of his powers, neither in the text nor in the accompanying illustrations describing the backhand drive is there any evidence of his using the two-fisted technique.

P. D. O'Brien
24 Princes Avenue
Caerphilly, Mid Glamorgan

The taste of Cadbury's

From Michele Moran

Dear Sir,
I was surprised by a statement by Dominic Cadbury in your article on Cadbury Schweppes [ILN, April]. He said, "We want Cadbury's Dairy Milk to taste the same around the world." I would imagine he wants the Wholenut and other bars to taste the same, too. Unfortunately, they don't! That's why whenever I'm in England I buy a dozen Cadbury bars in the largest size and then carefully ration myself when I get home. The bars made here in America are just ordinary chocolate, as far as I'm concerned, not "real" Cadbury's. Michele Moran
3860 Park Boulevard
Palo Alto, California 94306

France's far-flung territories

In the article in our May issue (page 30), it was wrongly stated that the island of Moorea was used as a test site for British nuclear weapons. The site for these tests was in fact Mururoa atoll. In addition it was stated that St Pierre-Miquelon was 20 miles off the coast of Nova Scotia, instead of off the coast of Newfoundland.

BOOKS

Stories behind the titles

by Robert Blake

The Honours System
by Michael De-la-Noy
Allison & Busby, £9.95

The British honours system is a minefield if ever there was one. The rules are of labyrinthine complexity and defy logical analysis. For example why do some peerages descend to "heirs general" and others, the vast majority, to heirs male? Why is a younger son and daughter of a Duke or a Marquess described as Lord John X or Lady Sarah X, and yet when we come to Earls the younger son is simply the Honourable John but the daughter is Lady Sarah, as if she were the daughter of a Duke? Why is the Victoria Cross awardable for feats of sufficient valour to any member of the Armed Services, whereas the less exalted decorations are sharply divided by rank e.g. the Military Cross to Captains, Lieutenants and certain classes of Warrant Officers, and the Military Medal to lower ranks? Mr De-la-Noy makes a good case for condemning this discrimination but one can also condemn his own language when he describes the differentiation as "obscene"—an absurd overstatement.

This is in general an entertaining book, though by no means accurate, and he gives us some enjoyable pieces of scandalous history, most of which can be found elsewhere, though it is convenient to have the stories between two covers. The greatest scandal centred round the notorious honours broker, Maundy Gregory, who operated in the 1920s on behalf of Lloyd George's agents. Mr De-la-Noy quotes a conversation between Lloyd George and the Chairman of the Conservative Party, J.C.C. (later Lord) Davidson: "You and I know that the sale of honours is the cleanest way of raising money for a political party. The worst of it is you cannot defend it in public." But Davidson did not agree and the author misses an opportunity of telling, however briefly, the story of how Davidson ruined Maundy Gregory by planting an agent in his entourage and ensuring, since the Conservatives were in office, that none of Gregory's clients ever got even the most humble honour. In fact there is something to be said for Lloyd George's attitude, as long as the sale is confined to people who are at least reasonably reputable. Mrs Thatcher, as the author points out, has conferred honours on certain directors of companies which have contributed to her party's funds, but, as the author also points out, she has done the same for directors of other companies which have never given a penny.

Where Lloyd George offended was not in selling honours. This was an old

and well established usage. His offence was in selling them to people who were notoriously disreputable or even had criminal records. Harold Wilson's resignation honours in 1976, which caused a furore, were not as discreditable as that, although one of the recipients later went to prison for fraud. There were, however, some curious names on the list, and Lady Summerskill, a member of the Political Honours Scrutiny Committee which is supposed to vet the Prime Minister's recommendations, took the extraordinary course of writing to *The Times* in May, 1977, to say that the Committee "could not approve of at least half the list", and that she and Lord Crathorne, the Conservative member of the Committee, were astonished that, with one exception, it was published unchanged. Mr De-la-Noy engages in an interesting speculation based on a piece by the *Daily Express* gossip columnist, William Hickey, that one of the strangest names, Sir James Goldsmith, had his peerage reduced to a knighthood thanks to the personal intervention of Lord Longford with the Queen. This is not impossible but proof must wait until the relevant part of the royal archives becomes available.

There are, regrettably, a number of factual errors in the book. Lord Home would be surprised to find himself credited with a baronetcy. When he disclaimed his peerage he became "Sir Alec" because he was a Knight of the Thistle. There has never been a baronetcy in the Home family. A more serious error is that the author appears to believe that a peerage can be disclaimed at any time. This is not so. A peer must disclaim within a year of inheritance or not at all. It is true that the 1963 Act gave a "one-off" opportunity for any peer, not of first creation, to disclaim within a year of the passing of the Act. This was why both Lord Hailsham and Lord Home were able in the autumn of that year to become runners for the premiership which is generally regarded as barred to the Upper House. Had Harold Macmillan resigned a few months later, they would both have been ineligible.

The author is wrong on several other points about the House of Lords. Peers do not "sign in" when attending. Their names are noted by the Clerks or the attendants. They do not draw £36 a day plus a secretarial allowance. The allowance is included in the £36. There are no longer any Scottish "representative peers". Since 1963 all Scottish peers—there are only a few who do not also have UK peerages—sit as of right in the House of Lords. The rejection of the Lloyd George budget was not the first time the Lords threw out a finance Bill. They did it in 1860. It was not a "quirk" on Queen Victoria's part to nominate a life peerage in 1856. She did it on the Prime Minister's (Palmerston's) advice. It is as well to know at least some history before writing a book on a subject like this.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

Black Robe

by Brian Moore
Jonathan Cape, £8.95

Careful with the Sharks

by Constantine Phipps

Jonathan Cape, £8.50

Skeleton Crew

by Stephen King
Macdonald, £9.95

Oxford Blood

by Antonia Fraser
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £9.95

Brian Moore's new novel *Black Robe* is a powerful and unsettling story of a Jesuit priest's journey into the wilds of 17th-century Canada in search of souls to save. It is based on the "Relations", voluminous letters that the Jesuits sent back to their superiors in France about the people they called "the Savages", who later became the "Red Indians" of fiction and folklore.

The author's portrait of the way of thinking, living and believing which makes the Savages so alien to the Jesuit hero, is superb. He invents an English version of their scatological way of speaking which is full of life and a certain jollity. He also describes their manners and customs, for instance delivering a laugh after an insult, to show no offence is meant. He takes the reader into the minds of the Savages and shows us a world ruled by dreams and rituals which has respect for the animals and trees, which is generous with possessions, cruel to enemies, and which sees the Jesuits as sorcerers in league with evil spirits, just as the Jesuits see the Savages as children of the devil.

The beautiful Savage girl who wishes to marry her lover Daniel, the Jesuit priest's young helper, knows that her father "would shit on him as a husband. Her father would say, 'How can I give you as wife to a Norman? Everyone knows they are stupid as a blind elk. They do not know that this world is alive, that the trees speak, that the animals and fish are possessed of reason and will revenge themselves on us if we do not respect their dead. These stupid Normans feed the bones of beaver to dogs. The beaver does not forgive them,' her father would say. 'How could you take as husband a hunter the animals will not respect? You will starve.'"

Indeed, seen through the eyes of the Savages there is much that is silly and suspicious about the behaviour of the Jesuits who eat the corpse of their God, describe the world as a place of darkness when really it is one of sunlight, and do not, to use our polite phrase and not their cruder one, make love. They also find the European's insistence on trying to convert them quite

ridiculous. As one brave warrior is dying he points out very reasonably that he does not wish to be baptized and go to Paradise because none of his unbaptized dead comrades, by the priest's own admission, will be there.

Stumbling into this world of canoes and endurance and hunting and the torture of enemies comes the decent priest Laforgue, intent on martyrdom. Slightly deaf from an infection in his ear, appalled by the smell and behaviour of the Savages, horrified at having to defecate over the side of a canoe watched by women and children, little by little Laforgue toughens up, but as he does so doubts arrive and he becomes a little more like the people in whose land he is.

The Romeo and Juliet theme between the Norman boy and the Savage girl is well handled, evoking urgent, passionate love with beauty and without sentimentality.

Brian Moore has created a new world rich with detail, smell, shock, but most importantly for this reader he has taken all the elements and masterfully organized them into a marvellously paced and plotted tale which is, in that excellent cliché, impossible to put down.

It is disappointing when a first novel starts off well, with fresh writing and an adventurous turn of plot, and then gradually fades away into a desultory end, as is the case with *Careful with the Sharks* by Constantine Phipps. When I was a judge recently for the Betty Trask Award for first novels it was remarkable how many started off with a flourish and collapsed into a dull ending. The ending is the most important part of a novel—it gives it its shape and meaning—and if it isn't good the novel isn't good. *Careful with the Sharks* sounds most appealing: the hero's passion for spying was nurtured in a wicker laundry basket in his parents' bedroom; he later invents a sophisticated bugging device which would be an enormous asset to British espionage, only Herman does not mention it to anyone at the British Intelligence Service laboratory where he works. His other obsession is to develop a drug to make anyone fall in love with him. He is sent off to bug a Barcelona sex clinic; he thinks he discovers the magic drug, and he falls in love. At first the author handles these ideas well and exuberantly but the whole joke goes on too long, and the novel lacks form.

Two books for light, holiday reading are a bumper collection of Stephen King's short stories called *Skeleton Crew* (which has an unappealing introduction in which King boasts of how much he was paid for the book) and another of Antonia Fraser's entertaining Jemima Shore mysteries, *Oxford Blood*, in which Jemima is making a documentary at Oxford University about "golden kids", one of whom, the disreputable Saffron, heir to a marquess, is surrounded by a mystery which Jemima is out to solve.

The South's good buildings

by James Bishop

The Architecture of Southern England

by John Julius Norwich
Macmillan, £25

This is a book of English delight, wonderfully indulgent, for the author writes only about buildings he likes. Though he follows in some of the footsteps of Dr Nikolaus Pevsner he does not imitate the good doctor's example of cataloguing all he saw in scholarly detail, and without value judgments. John Julius Norwich takes buildings personally, and his brief, as he says, was much less ambitious than Pevsner's. It was simply to tour England, south of a line from the Severn to the Wash, "as exhaustingly as I could and to produce a series of succinct but informative descriptions of all the buildings I liked—so long as I actually liked them. They might be old or new, religious or secular; they could range from a neo-classical town hall to an abandoned windmill, from a Gothic cathedral to a labourer's cottage. There was, throughout, to be one overriding consideration: did the building in question appeal, personally, to me?"

Since, with few exceptions, the buildings did, the book is studded with superlatives. Villages always seem to be enchanting and the gardens ravishing. Houses are Georgian gems or stand in elegant Palladian splendour. The churches are magnificent. There are exceptions—buildings which do not make the grade on architectural merit but which are included because it would have seemed perverse to leave them out. Buckingham Palace ("architecturally no very great shakes") is one of the most notable examples and Salisbury Cathedral (its interior "surely the most soulless of any ancient cathedral in the land") is another.

There are other lesser buildings

which receive splendidly short shrift. Shaw's Corner in Ayot St Lawrence, for example, is given the brief distinction of being the National Trust's most hideous property and then ignored, as are most Victorian and more recent buildings. These are structures that the author does not love and are therefore generally omitted, though such is the power of the author's pen that a few more acidic descriptions of unloved buildings would have added relish to a book that at times seems heavy on the treacle.

But it is the best treacle, and it may be unreasonable to ask for more when he has already provided 700 immensely readable pages. What could have been left out? The answer is nothing. John Julius Norwich had intended to cover the whole country, but had to abandon that noble aim as hopelessly overambitious (the North will now be a separate volume by a different hand). Instead we must applaud the industry that has carried him through 24 southern counties with an enthusiasm that never weakens, and which will surely similarly enthuse his readers.

The book's encyclopaedic format does not truly reflect its content. It is heavy to hold and a burden to carry, but the content is light and full of wit. The entries are easy to find, grouped alphabetically in counties, with an additional short list at the end of each chapter and a brief and often rather sharp introduction on the characteristics of each county—especially sharp in the case of the unhappy creation of Avon, to which the author finds it impossible to ascribe local characteristics since it is in reality "only a short-sighted piece of administrative opportunism". It is bureaucracy, also, that accounts for the absence of Middlesex, which has been uncomfortably lumped into London. Particular favourites of the author are identified among the entries by a star, and there are in addition useful maps and a helpful glossary, as well as some very fine supporting photography by Jorge Lewinski and Mayotte Magnus.

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(please see page 47)

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Surfeit of trumps

by Jack Marx

Players normally treasure their trumps above all their other wares, but occasionally they may find a string of trumps an encumbrance and, though they may not think of it in time, one or more of them should be squandered. It cannot be said to be glaringly self-evident when such a rare situation calls for gratuitous under-ruffing.

♠ A 94 Dealer South
♥ 9 8 4 3 East-West Game
♦ 3 2
♣ A Q 5 2

♠ K J 10 8 7
♥ 10 5
♦ A 5
♣ K 10 8 4

♠ Q 3
♥ K Q J 7 2
♦ K Q J
♣ J 6 3

South had opened One Heart, had been overcalled by West with One Spade, and after support from North had eventually contracted for Four Hearts. West led Ace and another diamond, and South's King of trumps lost to East's Ace. A third diamond from East was ruffed ahead of dummy by West's Ten and an irritated South, without pause for thought, tossed on dummy's small spade. Though West had to give away a black-suit trick, choosing to lead a spade to South's Queen, he was not quite end-played and inevitably came to a club trick.

South would have fared no better if he had thrown a club from dummy rather than a spade. West could then have exited with a club and could not have been prevented from winning an eventual spade. In fact, the least precious things in dummy are the trumps and one of them should have been "wasted" on the diamond ruffing trick. The seven black cards are vital as threats against the hapless West, who must at length succumb to a developing squeeze on South's trump length.

♠ K J 10 Dealer South
♥ 3 Game All
♦ K Q 8 7
♣ A 10 8 5 4

♠ Q 7 6 3 2
♥ Q 10 9 7 6
♦ J 9 6 5 4 3
♣ Q 8 10 9 2

♠ A 9 8 5 4
♥ A 8 5 4 2
♦ A
♣ 7 3

North-South have arrived unopposed at a somewhat hopeful Six Spades, to which West leads Club Queen to North's Ace. The Aces of Diamonds and Hearts follow and a heart is ruffed in dummy. South throws a club on Diamond King, but Diamond Queen is ruffed and overruffed. A heart is ruffed with dummy's Jack and dummy's last diamond is ruffed in

hand. This is now the position:

♠ K
♣ 10 8 5 4

♠ Q 7 6 3
♥ Q 10
♦ J 9

♠ A 9 8
♥ 8 5

A heart from South is ruffed with the King, East throws a club and is allowed to win the next trick with Club King, on which South flings his last heart. East has only trumps to lead and South, having noted that East declined to overruff the third round of hearts, dropped West's Queen.

It is a very difficult play for East but, had he underruffed the fourth round of hearts, he would at trick 11 still have had a club to lead to promote West's Queen of trumps.

Recently the theme received welcome attention when Joel Tarlo, an octogenarian British international player now resident in Spain, proved that advancing years need not be a matter of downhill all the way. As South he had become declarer at Four Hearts after an auction which, he claimed, was unfit for publication.

♠ Q 9 8 4 Dealer South
♥ 7 6 Game All
♦ A K 5 4
♣ K 4 2

♠ J 10 7 3 2
♥ 4
♦ J 3 2
♣ A J 5 3

♠ A 5
♥ K Q 10 3
♦ 10 7 6
♣ Q 10 8 6

♠ K 6
♥ A J 9 8 5 2
♦ Q 9 8
♣ 9 7

West's lead of Spade Jack went to the Four Five King. Three small spades went to East's Ace, small clubs went to West's Ace and a further club was won by North's King. Heart Seven from dummy was allowed to ride and, with two Aces already lost, South needed all his ingenuity to avoid losing more than one trump trick. A club was now ruffed in hand, then Diamond King, small spade ruffed in hand, Diamond Ace. The four-card ending:

♠ Q
♥ 6
♦ 5 4

♠ 10 7
♦ J
♣ J

♥ K Q 10
♦ None
♣ Q

♦ A J 9
♦ Q

The outlook for declarer seemed scarcely favourable when dummy's Spade Queen was covered by East's Queen of trumps. But Tarlo now produced his masterstroke; he underruffed with Heart Nine. It was immaterial whether East returned a heart or a club. The club would be ruffed in dummy, while South pitched his diamond. A heart could be finessed, the last trump drawn with Diamond Queen still to come.



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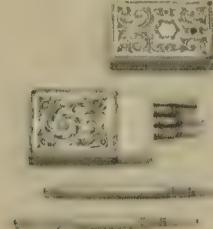
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ARE THE INCENTIVES OFFERED BY ADVERTISERS ALL THEY APPEAR TO BE?

In the past few years there's been a big growth in sales promotions.

Normally these offer incentives, in cash or in kind, to encourage the public to buy a particular product.

In the vast majority of cases the 'carrots' that are offered are all they appear to be.

In a few cases, however, they aren't.

It is our job as the Advertising Standards Authority to be the public watchdog in the field of sales promotions, as well as advertising.

We do this by applying the British Code of Sales Promotion Practice, a set of rules compiled by experts, which promoters have agreed to observe.

To conform to the Code, all sales promotions must be legal, decent, honest and truthful.

WHEN IS THE CARROT ROTTEN?

One case recently that came to our attention was the line 'Free £50 Holiday Money' displayed on the outside of a chocolate wrapper. It was only revealed on the inside you'd have to send off 25 wrappers to benefit.

That particular offer left a nasty taste in our mouth. We asked the promoters to say how many wrappers they required on the outside of the wrapper in future. Which they promptly agreed to do.

Another case involved an advertisement for 'Absolutely Free Perfume'. Somebody smelt a rat when they discovered postage, packing and handling would set them back £1.75.

In our book, something is only free if all you are asked to pay is the actual cost of postage. Otherwise you could well be buying that 'absolutely free perfume'.

Photographs shouldn't deceive you either.

Recently, a promotional leaflet illustrated a gift barbecue set complete with tools and shiny red bellows. But the bellows weren't part of the gift and therefore should not have been included.

This promoter deserved to be hauled over the coals. We pointed out that a photograph of a gift should exactly match the gift itself.

Fortunately, in this case, the promoters were able to dispatch bellows to all who asked for them.

OTHER GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT

Not every complaint the ASA receives

stems from the way an offer is described.

Sometimes, goods don't arrive for months. But what use are Christmas decorations if they don't arrive until Easter? We insist that they should reach you within 28 days.

Sometimes goods don't arrive at all. Imagine peeling off and saving labels for weeks



on end, only to find out they've run out of that spice rack you wanted.

We require the advertiser to show he has genuinely and realistically estimated the demand for his offer.

THE FIELDS WE COVER

The Code covers reduced price and free offers, the distribution of money vouchers and samples, personality and charity-linked promotions, editorial offers and competitions, whether these appear on packs or in newspapers, magazines, leaflets, on posters or in the cinema.

It does not cover TV and radio advertising which is controlled by the Independent Broadcasting Authority.

YOUR SIDE OF THINGS

The ASA keeps a continuous check on sales promotions and associated advertising to make sure the Code is observed.

But because of the sheer volume we cannot monitor every promotion all the time.

So we like to hear from the public about any thought likely to have infringed the Code.

WHAT WE DO TO THOSE WHO DON'T PRESENT THE WHOLE TRUTH.

If we decide a promoter has breached a rule, he may be asked to change the way his promotion is presented or conducted.

If he cannot, or refuses, we ask him to withdraw it completely.

He may also be asked to make sure a disappointed applicant is satisfied.

Nearly all promoters agree to our requests without further argument.

They appreciate that any failure to do so will leave them open to bad publicity.

CAN PROMOTERS STRING US ALONG?

The ASA was not created by law and has no legal powers.

Not unnaturally some people are sceptical about its effectiveness.

In fact, the ASA was set up by the advertising industry to make sure its system of self-control works in the public interest.

For this to be credible the ASA has to be totally independent.

Neither the chairman nor the majority of the ASA Council is allowed to have any involvement in advertising or sales promotion.

Nor can any advertiser have influence over ASA decisions.

Advertisers as a whole accept it is as much in their interests as the public's to keep on the right side of the rules.

If you would like to know more about the ASA and the rules it seeks to enforce for sales promotions, write to us at the address below for an abridged copy of the Code of Sales Promotion Practice.

It will certainly give you a better view of our role in the sales promotion field.

The Advertising Standards Authority

If an advertisement is wrong, we're here to put it right.

ASA Ltd, Dept. S, Brook House, Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.

AUGUST BRIEFING

Thursday, August 1

Hockney talks about colour & perspective in the theatre at the Lyttelton (p77), while his paintings for the stage go on show at the Hayward Gallery (p78)

First night of Alan Ayckbourn's *A Chorus of Disapproval* at the National Theatre (p70)

Il filosofo di campagna at Buxton (p75)

□ Cricket: fourth Cornhill Test, England v Australia, at Old Trafford

Friday, August 2

Mussorgsky's *The Marriage* at the Barbican (p74)

Athletics: IAC/Coca-Cola International Meeting at Crystal Palace (p76)

Saturday, August 3

Last night of Bill Bryden's *Mysteries* at the Lyceum (p71)

St Matthew Passion at the Albert Hall (p74)

Bristol Unigate Regatta, today & tomorrow (p82)

□ Cowes Week starts

Sunday, August 4

New exhibition: paintings by survivors of Hiroshima at Oxford's Museum of Modern Art (p79)

□ Motor cycling: Marlboro British Grand Prix at Silverstone

Monday, August 5

Shadow puppet theatre workshop for children at the Horniman (p77)

Knussen double bill at Glyndebourne (p75)

La Damnation de Faust at the Albert Hall (p74)

Tuesday, August 6

First night of *The Desert Air*, a comedy by Nicholas Wright, at The Pit (p71)

Wednesday, August 7

The Stratford production of *Love's Labour's Lost* arrives at the Barbican (p71)

□ The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh embark in HMY *Britannia* at Southampton for their cruise of the Western Isles

Thursday, August 8

Physical '85 keep-fit festival opens at the Kensington Exhibition Centre (p77)

Friday, August 9

Edinburgh Military Tattoo, until August 31 (p82)

Saturday, August 10

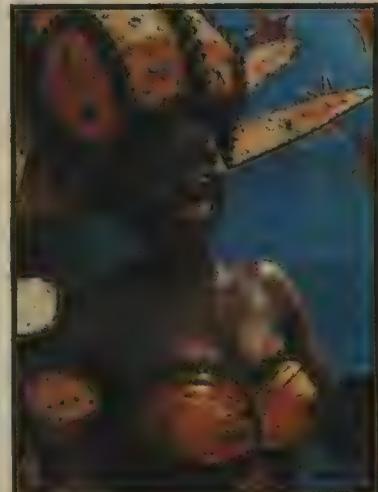
International Film Festival at Edinburgh, until August 25 (pp72, 82)

□ The Queen Mother visits the Orkney Agricultural Society's Centenary Show near Kirkwall

Sunday, August 11

Start of the Edinburgh Festival (p82) & close of the Not the RSC festival fortnight at the Almeida Theatre (p71)

Dancer Michael Clark & his company



three-day circus skills workshop (p77) The Australian Youth Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, until August 24 (p76)

Wednesday, August 21

Moscow State Circus arrives at the Playhouse Theatre, Edinburgh (p82)

Thursday, August 22

Handel's *Messiah*, in a version prepared by Mozart in 1789, opens the Mostly Mozart Festival at the Barbican (p74)

Quincentenary of the Battle of Bosworth is celebrated in Leicestershire (p82)

Friday, August 23

Tolly Cobbold/Eastern Arts Fifth National Exhibition opens at the Royal Academy (p78)

Film openings: *Brewster's Millions*, starring Richard Pryor, & *Perfect*, with John Travolta (p72)

Saturday, August 24

First day of the Greater London Horse Show on Clapham Common (p77) Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra at the Albert Hall (p74)

Sunday, August 25

The 217th Summer Exhibition closes at the Royal Academy (p78)

□ Notting Hill Carnival, today & tomorrow

Monday, August 26

South Bank Summer Kids shows at the Purcell Room for a week (p77)

□ Late Summer Bank Holiday

Tuesday, August 27

Théâtre National de Belgique's production of Molière's *Le Misanthrope* in French at the Edinburgh Festival (p71)

Wednesday, August 28

Moscow State Circus arrives at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road (p77)

Rigoletto at the Coliseum (p75)

Thursday, August 29

First day of the Great Dorset Steam Fair, near Blandford (p82)

□ Cricket: sixth Cornhill Test, England v Australia, at The Oval

Friday, August 30

Paris Opéra Ballet at the Edinburgh Festival (p76)

□ Blackpool Illuminations until October 27

□ Full moon

Saturday, August 31

The Marriage of Pantalone at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p75)

CALENDAR

open at the Royal Lyceum, Edinburgh (p76)

Monday, August 12

A revival of *The Daughter-in-Law* at the Hampstead Theatre to commemorate D.H. Lawrence's centenary (p70)

Harvey & The Wallbangers open at the Bloomsbury Theatre (p75)

L'Etoile by Chabrier at the Edinburgh Festival (p75)

□ Grouse season, until December 10

Tuesday, August 13

The Heart of the Nation *son et lumière* on Horse Guards Parade, nightly until September 14 (p77)

Wednesday, August 14

First night of Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock*, under the direction of John Houseman, at the Old Vic (p70)

Julia Margaret Cameron's

photographs at the V&A (p79)

Pelléas et Mélisande at the Edinburgh Festival (p75)

Thursday, August 15

West London Antiques Fair (p77)

New exhibition: Jubilee Silver at the National Army Museum (p79)

Glyndebourne's *Carmen* at the Albert Hall (p74)

□ Cricket: fifth Cornhill Test, England v Australia, at Edgbaston

Friday, August 16

The British Crafts Centre shows wall-hung textiles (p78)

Glyndebourne's *Idomeneo* at the Barbican (p74)

Nureyev dances to Bach, played by the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, in Edinburgh (p76)

□ New moon

Saturday, August 17

Football League season begins (p76)

Sunday, August 18

South Bank summer music starts (p74)

Charpentier/Rameau double bill at the Edinburgh Festival (p75)

Monday, August 19

For children: arts & crafts sessions start at the Museum of Mankind (p77)

Tuesday, August 20

The Polka Children's Theatre offers a

Briefing researched by Angela Bird and Penny Watts-Russell

Information is correct at time of going to press. See listings for further details. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers when calling from outside the capital.

SHAKESPEARE-COLLECTORS at the Edinburgh Festival will not want to miss the latest *Macbeth*, set in a 16th-century Buddhist shrine, with cherry blossom instead of Birnam Wood, and performed by the Toho Company of Japan at the Royal Lyceum from August 22 to 24. As well as its "Auld Alliance" performances, noted below, the Festival revives two celebrated past successes at the Assembly Hall, between August 10 and 31: the 16th-century Scots drama, *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaites*, and Sydney Goodwin Smith's *The Wallace*.

□ Alan Ayckbourn, who has written more than 30 plays, is considering amateur operatics in his new one, *A Chorus of Disapproval*, opening at the Olivier on August 1. He is staging this himself, for Peter Hall's National Theatre group, with music from *The Beggar's Opera*. Michael Gambon plays an amateur singer whose rise and fall is charted within the play.

□ The Acting Company of New York, directed by its co-founder, John Houseman, comes to the Old Vic for a month, from August 14, in Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* (done first by Houseman and Orson Welles in 1937), a satirical drama about the evils of a town run by a large corporation. Blitzstein's music has been much applauded. John Houseman gives a 10 minute introductory talk before each performance.

NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

★ Dreamplay

Discussing this play on the mystery of human suffering, Strindberg said that he "tried to imitate the disconnected but apparently logical form of the dream". This makes it awkward for a director as times & places slide into each other; but not much can get past John Barton. His production, tailored ingeniously to The Pit, manages to escort us without flaw—and mercifully without an interval—through the sequence of dissolving scenes, the progress of the god Indra's daughter on her visit to earth. There, though she may not know it, she is involved in a good deal of Strindbergian autobiography. An experience for collectors, with admiration for Penny Downie's resource as the daughter. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★ The Duchess of Malfi

There is a line in this play about sweating in ice & freezing in fire. No one sought that effect more than John Webster, the dramatist, known as First Gravedigger of the Jacobins. Now, thanks to Philip Prowse's profusion of atmospheres—the figure of Death haunts his stage—and to some unswerving performances, the Websterian world is closer to us than it often is. Ian McKellen is uncompromisingly true to Bosola, at the heart of the affair: & if Eleanor Bron has not yet the full tragic sweep for the Duchess, that will come. As it is, she does go in splendour to her death (& returns as a ghost). Not all of the speaking is right; it can lose itself in the cavernous sets. & Jonathan Hyde, otherwise in charge of the mad Duke, does blur his most famous line. Still, it is on the whole a night that the Gravedigger himself might have recognized. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Figaro

This is Mozart's opera switched to a pocket

"musical comedy", & set during 1960 in the Count's château in the South of France. A briskly-ordered entertainment, it hardly does honour to its composer; & the narrative, with the sub-plot cut, might have worried its librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte. Still, we must accept it for what Tony Britten (musical director) & Nick Broadhurst (director) intend it to be.

Despite the singing, much of the playing, in the chosen method, is loyal. Prue Clarke's Susanna, for example, is a cheerfully spirited 1960s parlourmaid. Terence Hillyer is a Figaro who, if puzzled by his surroundings, conceals the fact very well; so, for her part, does Janet Dibley's Cherubino. There is a better Countess (Lesley Duff) than a Count (Stephen Tate). Can he be possibly a glowering symbol of the 1960s? Three pages of programme notes take us through such events as the collapse of European colonialism, the independence of the Republic of Chad, tower blocks, & Carnaby Street, though it is not easy to imagine what relevance they have to Mozart, Beaumarchais & da Ponte. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc).

★ Guys & Dolls

This is the most endearing musical of its time, a modern classic if ever there was one, as everyone at the première must have gathered during the fourth repetition of "Sit down, you're rockin' the boat", led by David Healy's happily familiar Nicely-Nicely.

In this production, bred originally at the National Theatre, the "musical fable of Broadway" (with Frank Loesser's score), based on a story & characters by Damon Runyon, is as wittily expert as ever in substance & staging. Some of the new principals are Lulu, Norman Rossington, Betsy Brantley & the admirable Clarke Peters. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Toby Robertson, warmly welcomed back to English direction, has seen the play less as an epithalamic fantasy than as a full-blooded comedy for an Elizabethan troupe. Just as one figure, John Moffatt's Malvolio, has risen from the season's *Twelfth Night*, so here John McAndrew's "shrewd & knavish" Puck seems to govern the *Dream*. The storming nonsense of the "palpable-gross play", *Pyramus & Thisbe*, includes such fresh inventions as the arrival of Quince as a



Yukio Ninagawa's Japanese "samurai" *Macbeth*: four performances at the Edinburgh Festival.

mobile "Ninny's tomb" & an entrance for "the Sisters Three". Earlier, we have a sudden operatic burst in one of the lovers' scenes, & I have seldom known the skirmishing in the wood less inhibited. The merit of a revival unlike any other in the Park's long list is its unremitting speed. We have the now customary Oberon/Theseus & Titania/Hippolyta doubling: it might be helpful for Patrick Ryecart, who dominates in aspect as Oberon especially, to have another & a closer look at the text. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

Red Noses

Peter Barnes's strange, sprawling, undeniably original piece describes how a fraternity of wildly amateur clowns, assembled by the single-minded Father Flote (acted by Antony Sher), seeks to cheer a region in medieval France ravaged by the Black Death. Through a terrorized world the little company moves, urged forward (in their detachable red noses, something irritating about these) by the simple earnestness of Father Flote, resolved to show the stricken villages God & life triumphant. The RSC might very well choose two epigraphs for the play from the Barbican summer programme: from *Hamlet*, "This fell sergeant, Death, is strict in his arrest", & from *Love's Labour's Lost*, "To move wild laughter in the throat of death? It cannot be." Mr Barnes thinks the latter is entirely possible.

It is hard to say which is the more self-indulgent, the dramatist or his director; Terry Hands has provided a full-scale production (plenty of smoke) to match Mr Barnes's narrative. The night, meandering on & on, is an uneasy mixture of the farcical & the macabre. An occasional effective scene aside, too much is simply forgettable, although from an immense & thoroughly professional company I shall remember the work of such people as Christopher Benjamin (a cynical Pope), Jim Hooper & Richard Easton. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Troilus x Cressida

This is far from an easy play to perform in the theatre but there is no need to blur it by a

superfluity of business. On the first night it ran (with one interval) for 3 hours & 40 minutes. Its director, Howard Davies, has chosen, for no particular reason, late 19th-century costume—maybe as early as the Crimea—and used a set, by Ralph Koltai, of a battered mansion that gives no indication of the plains of Troy.

The most reasonable way to present Shakespeare's harsh satire, which the RSC did best in the 1960s, is to avoid indulgent decoration & to put most emphasis on the often superb verse. At Stratford now a few speakers can stir us, pre-eminently Peter Jeffrey in the homilies of *Ulysses* on Degree & Time; Joseph O'Conor as Agamemnon; & occasionally, as at the end of the great central scene, Juliet Stevenson as Cressida. But Thersites is turned into a ludicrous orderly—hardly Alun Armstrong's fault that this is tiresome—and Pandarus (that good actor, Clive Merrison) has too much scope.

Although Mr Davies has pursued his chosen path with fidelity, little of the production may linger in the mind &, in general, the revival is soundest when it does not try too hard. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 295623, cc).

NEW PRODUCTIONS

Are You Lonesome Tonight?

Alan Bleasdale's musical play about Elvis Presley has Simon Bowman & Martin Shaw playing the rock singer at different stages of his life. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 836 2294). Opens Aug 13.

A Chorus of Disapproval

See introduction. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Opens Aug 1.

The Cradle Will Rock

See introduction. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Aug 14-Sept 7.

The Daughter-in-Law

John Dove directs this revival in celebration of the centenary of D. H. Lawrence's birth. Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301). Opens Aug 12.

ILN ratings

- ★★ Highly recommended
- ★ Recommended
- Not for us

The Desert Air

Its author, Nicholas Wright, describes the play as "a comedy about war & anger". The setting is Cairo in 1942, the hero a British colonel in the Secret Service, played by Geoffrey Hutchings, who has devised a fool-proof system for his promotion. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). Aug 6-Sept 12.

Destiny

David Edgar's political play chronicles the rise of fascism in Britain from the eve of Indian Independence to a savage 1976 West Midlands by-election. Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000). Until Aug 10.

Love's Labour's Lost

Roger Rees plays Berowne in this Stratford production, by Barry Kyle, of Shakespeare's lyric comedy of youth's affectations. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). Aug 7-Sept 12.

Mutiny!

Frank Finlay plays Captain Bligh, with David Essex as Fletcher Christian, in this musical based on *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc).

The Philanthropist

Edward Fox leads the cast in Christopher Hampton's play. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until Sept 20.

Ring Round the Moon

Christopher Fry's translation of Jean Anouilh's play, with Ruth Madoc, Michael Denison, Margaretta Scott & Patrick Ryecart. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433). July 30-Aug 31.

The Scarlet Pimpernel

Donald Sinden plays Sir Percy Blakeney in a new version of the story set during the French Revolution. Chichester Festival Theatre. July 31-Sept 21.

The Seagull

Charles Sturridge's treatment of Chekhov's play, recently at the Lyric, Hammersmith, now with Vanessa Redgrave, Jonathan Pryce & Natasha Richardson. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc). Opens July 29.

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers

A stage version of the MGM musical. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until Aug 10.

A State of Affairs

Comedy by Graham Swannell, examining four different aspects of marriage & adultery. With Gary Bond & Nichola McAuliffe. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc 379 6433).

Sweet Bird of Youth

Lauren Bacall plays the fading film actress in Tennessee Williams's play, production by Harold Pinter. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

The War Plays

Edward Bond's seven-hour trilogy is about the terrors of war & the struggle to secure peace. The Pit. July 25-Sept 28.

Edinburgh International Festival

See introduction. In remembrance of Scotland's traditional "Auld Alliance" with France, the Renaud-Barrault company present Victor Hugo's *Angelo, tyran de Padoue* (Aug 28-31) with a cast that includes Jean-Louis Barrault himself. The Belgian National Theatre gives two performances of Molière's *Le Misanthrope* (Aug 27, 28); & *A Wee Touch of Class* (Aug 12-24), with Rikki Fulton, is Denise Coffey's version of Molière's *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*. *Le Dindon*, Feydeau's helter-skelter farce in an English version by John Wells as *Turkey*.

Trot, is the Theatre of Comedy's offering (Aug 22-31). Programmes from Festival ticket office, 21 Market St, Edinburgh EH1 1BW (031-226 4001).

Not the RSC

60 members of the Royal Shakespeare Company in a fortnight's festival. Among much else, the actor Sebastian Shaw is to have two of his own plays produced: *The Glass Maze & Take a Life* (both Aug 4 & 9). Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404, cc). July 30-Aug 11.

RSC/NatWest Tour

The Company begins a 14 week national tour, taking *The Taming of the Shrew* & the Brecht/Weill musical *Happy End* to 15 towns in England & Northern Ireland. Tour dates from RSC, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 3351 ext 454). Aug 27-Nov 30.

ALSO PLAYING

As You Like It

A needlessly bizarre revival; but we can recognize the spirit of Juliet Stevenson's Rosalind. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick (0789 295623, cc).

★Barnum

Michael Crawford's authoritative performance of the famous American showman is certainly the most athletic in any West End musical. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

★Breaking the Silence

Stephen Poliakoff's play, based on recollections of his family in the post-Russian Revolution chaos, is as original & absorbing as anything in London. The acting, especially by Alan Howard & Gemma Jones, is as good as it can be. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

Cats

Andrew Lloyd Webber's version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

★Coriolanus

Peter Hall's exciting production, with Ian McKellen as Coriolanus & Irene Worth as Volumnia. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

★42nd Street

An American musical that is a benign example of show business at its unselfconscious best. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

The Government Inspector

Gogol's broadly satirical comedy, under Richard Eyre, has some excellent ensemble playing. Rik Mayall, despite his pleasing personality, is not yet fully the actor for the young clerk mistaken as the feared inspector. Olivier.

★Hamlet

Since its Stratford première, Roger Rees's Hamlet has developed into a performance progressively true & affecting. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). Until Sept 14.



Penny Downie, the god's daughter, in Strindberg's *Dreamplay*: see new reviews.

★Jumpers

Even those unsure of the difference between logical positivism & moral absolutes should not miss Tom Stoppard's intellectual romp. Paul Edington (in a surge of wandering eloquence) & Felicity Kendal are buoyantly in the midst of it all. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233).

★★Martine

Peter Hall's beautifully-keyed production of Jean-Jacques Bernard's play of emotion in stillness has Wendy Morgan's peasant girl at its heart. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

★Me & My Girl

Back to the Lambeth Walk, with such good players as Robert Lindsay & Frank Thornton to revive memories of a favourite pre-war musical. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 836 7358).

★The Merry Wives of Windsor

Presuming that the much-loved farce had to be done in modern (1950s) dress, this is doubtless as useful an attempt as any. The cast responds without stint. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Mousetrap

Though now in its 33rd year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★The Mysteries

Bill Bryden's magnificent three-part version from the medieval mystery plays, *The Nativity*, *The Passion & Doomsday*. Lyceum, Strand, WC2 (379 3055, cc). Until Aug 3.

★Noises Off

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, the kind of wild touring business that can breed catastrophe. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219).

No Sex Please, We're British

The expert Allan Davis production of a farce that is now a West End monument. Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

★On Your Toes

A grand musical, with Doreen Wells dancing at all performances. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

Pravda

In Howard Brenton & David Hare's "Fleet Street comedy" a South African businessman turned English newspaper proprietor is acted by Anthony Hopkins with terrifying relentlessness. The play is chaotic, but the man lives. Olivier.

Richard III

For those who recall the excitements of Olivier, this Richard (Antony Sher), whisking round on his elbow-crutches, is merely engaged in a busy entertainment, capable but over-valued. Barbican. Until Sept 10.

★Run For Your Wife

Geoffrey Hughes, Jeffrey Holland, Linda Hayden & Bernard Bresslaw in Ray Cooney's hurricane farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

★She Stoops to Conquer

Goldsmith's comedy as it should be acted, especially by Tony Haygarth & Julia Watson. Lyttelton. *Singin' in the Rain*

Tommy Steele takes us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 734 8961). Until Sept 28.

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber & director, Trevor Nunn, play amiably at trains, & the roller-skaters flash up, down & round the theatre. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262).

Twelfth Night

Richard Digby Day's always imaginative production is remarkable for the Malvolio of John Moffatt, sick with self-love, but never a figure of thoughtless farce. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433). Until Aug 17.

★Two Into One

Ray Cooney's grand farce, with Michael Williams, Anton Rodgers & Kathy Staff. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

★Wild Honey

Michael Frayn's version of Chekhov's earliest play. Ian McKellen gives to the womanizing schoolmaster, Platonov, an irresistible sense of wild comedy. Lyttelton. Until Aug 17.

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CINEMA
GEORGE PERRYIsabelle Adjani in *Subway*: showing in Edinburgh before next month's London release.

THE EDINBURGH FILM FESTIVAL, from August 10 to 25, will be screening some exciting new films, as yet unseen publicly in London, including Ridley Scott's *Legend*, Ken Russell's *Crimes of Passion*, Paul Schrader's *Mishima*, Trevor Nunn's *Lady Jane*, Stephen Frears's *My Beautiful Launderette*, and Luc Besson's thriller, *Subway* (reviewed below), which stars Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani. London must wait until September for most of them. Information from 031-228 6382 (see p82).

□ Mobil, whose grants to the National Film Archive have been helpful in preserving the British film heritage, are the sponsors of the British Film Institute Awards. One of its categories is film books, and this year's winner was Richard Schickel's monumental and impressive biography *D. W. Griffith—and the Birth of Film* (Pavilion, £15). Special mention was made of Jeffrey Richards's excellent account of British films in the 1930s, *The Age of the Dream Palace* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, £19.95). The climax of the evening was the appointment of Lord Brabourne and Lord Olivier as Fellows of the BFI.

□ The South Bank will be enhanced by the Museum of the Moving Image, due to open in October, 1987, which will occupy the space under Waterloo Bridge in front of the National Film Theatre, which was formerly the car park. Building work is now in progress, and the outcome will be a film museum like no other in the world, the dreamchild of Leslie Hardcastle, for so long the NFT's controller.

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

★Brewster's Millions (PG)

The novel by George Barr McCutcheon about a man who is left a massive fortune by a long-lost relation on condition that he manages to spend \$1 million in a month has been made into a Broadway musical, a stage play & six films. For the seventh, inflation has taken its toll—the hero now has to blow \$30 million in order to inherit \$300 million.

This new version, directed by Walter Hill,

& written by Lawrence Gordon & Joel Silver, manages to extract some fresh twists from the faded yarn. Its happy casting employs the first black Brewster, Richard Pryor, as a baseball pitcher for a dismal team based in industrial New Jersey, where play must halt every time a freight train grinds through the outfield. His best friend is the catcher, John Candy. A Manhattan law firm reveals the bequest, attainable only on condition Brewster spends the money & tells no one what he is up to. Even Lonette McKee, a beautiful & astute accountant assigned to keep his books, is not in on the secret, although her boyfriend, Stephen Cox, has orders from the crooked lawyers to sabotage him.

The formula is so well tried it can hardly fail, & the screenplay incorporates enough contemporary jokes to dispel any feeling of datedness. Opens Aug 23. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234).

The Care Bears Movie (U)

Watching this animated feature is like being dunked in icing sugar. The Care Bears are a

collection of cuddly ursine creatures who live in a country in the clouds called Care-a-lot & make it their job to see that everyone below has friends. An unhappy youth falls under the spell of an evil spirit, but the bears, aided by their cousins from the Forest of Feelings, are on the case. The cuteness is overwhelming. Opens July 26. Nationwide.

Fletch (PG)

There is such a lot of Chevy Chase in Michael Ritchie's comedy thriller in which he plays an investigative Los Angeles reporter with an incessant line of patter & an array of bogus identities that it would be best to brace yourself beforehand if his comic style is not to your taste. The reporter is approached by a millionaire, played by Tim Matheson, who offers him a large sum of money to kill him on the premise that he is dying of cancer, & that the insurance company will not pay out on a suicide.

Chase takes on the assignment, smells a rat, & stumbles into a convoluted plot of drug-dealing, dark treachery, double-crossing & murder, at the same time staying one jump ahead of a corrupt police chief (Joe Don Baker).

The script, by Andrew Bergman, based on Gregory McDonald's novel, maintains a sustained barrage of excellent one-liners, but Chase's self-centred performance ultimately becomes tiresome. Opens Aug 9. Plaza, Lower Regent St, W1 (437 1234).

Insignificance (15)

□ A new film by Nicolas Roeg cannot be ignored, although Wardour Street will do its best. The idea in this instance is simple, if preposterous. It seems that Marilyn Monroe, or someone like her, having just filmed the notorious subway grating scene in *The Seven Year Itch*, fled the night-time location to call on Albert Einstein, or someone like him, in a New York hotel, to discuss relativity & bed. The bemused professor has been hijacked to New York by a witch-hunting senator to testify in one of his hearings. The actress's husband, a famous baseball player, is unable to comprehend the situation. There is also a philosophical Cherokee operating an elevator, whom we recognize as the Indian who ran to freedom in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*—no doubt significant casting.

One feels that Terry Johnson's script worked far better on the stage than on film. The notion of constructing a work around people who have become mythological icons is an interesting one, but film presents a greater reality than theatre, & audiences accept what they see far more literally. This amusing conceit is unable to survive its screen inflation, & Roeg has a tendency to allow his effects to run & run long after everyone watching has got the point.

Tony Curtis admirably embraces the role of the unscrupulous senator, Michael Emil & Gary Busey are the professor & the ball player. Theresa Russell has the hardest job, since her prototype had a particular form of magnetic appeal that has never been satisfactorily reproduced. Opens Aug 3. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (930 2738, cc).

□ Ladyhawke (PG)

An old legend is the basis of this romantic medieval fantasy in which a wicked bishop has cursed a pair of lovers so that the man turns into a wolf at night, the woman into a hawk by day—an extraordinarily frustrating arrangement for both parties. Into this unhappy partnership enters a young, picarresque figure nicknamed The Mouse, a pickpocket who has escaped the bishop's dun-

geons & who helps to resolve the problem. Richard Donner's film is exquisitely photographed in Italy by Vittorio Storaro, with a fine disregard for consistency of background. Rutger Hauer plays the doomed captain with an understandably brooding frown on his forehead, Michelle Pfeiffer is his beloved & Matthew Broderick, so good in *War Games*, has the unenviable role of the pick-pocket, a part dashed by the whimsicality of the screenwriters' conception of the character. The film fails to satisfy &, after the first half, seems distinctly underplotted, with no surprises left in the locker. Opens Aug 9. Classic, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527); Odeon, Kensington, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193).

★★ The Life & Death of Colonel Blimp (U)

A re-release of Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger's stunning 1943 film in which Roger Livesey plays an old Home Guard officer who reminisces about his military youth in the Kaiser's Berlin & his experiences during the First World War. The three women in his life are all played by Deborah Kerr.

On first release the film aroused the wrath of Churchill because the officer's lifelong friend—a German, beautifully played by Anton Walbrook—was presented as a decent, honourable human being. To support British Film Year, this reconstructed, uncut version of a British classic has been given a fine new Technicolor print.

Perfect (15)

John Travolta is a *Rolling Stone* reporter who goes out to California to write a story on health clubs as "the singles bars of the 80s" & falls in love with Jamie Lee Curtis, who plays an aerobics instructor. She refuses to give him an interview because earlier she had suffered when a sports journalist wrote about her affair with her swimming coach.

James Bridges's film is enjoyable because the picture it presents of New York journalism & Californian narcissism is so grotesque, but the intention is scarcely satirical. Lip service is paid to certain Press ethics, & a subplot, involving a De Lorean-style businessman claiming to have been set up by the government, places the hero in an awkward legal situation. There are several interminable sequences of rows of Californian bottoms, immaculately sheathed in designer leotards, jiggling violently to pounding disco noises under the leadership of Miss Curtis. Opens Aug 23. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

★Return to Oz (U)

There are many good things about Walter Murch's film, which is based on two of Frank Baum's later *Oz* books. Dorothy is younger, a child rather than a well developed adolescent, & played engagingly by Fairuza Balk. The Tin Man, Cowardly Lion & Scarecrow, apart from looking more like John R. Neill's original drawings than the fancies of the MGM art department, are on the fringe of the story. The new non-human star is Tik-Tok, a loyal & friendly robot, whose coppery roundness suggests that he might have been the original clockwork orange.

Dorothy escapes the clutches of a nasty quack doctor in Kansas (Nicol Williamson) & his sinister nurse (Jean Marsh) & wakes up in Oz, where her adversaries are Princess Mombi (Marsh again), & the Nome King (Williamson). There is also a group of villainous creatures called the Wheelers because, instead of hands & feet, they have wheels.

ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Recommended

● Not for us



Fairuza Balk: an engaging performance as Dorothy in Walt Disney's *Return to Oz*.

There are no songs—it is simply a delightful children's fantasy—and while it cannot possibly erase the indelible *Wizard of Oz* it does stand up in its own right, & should not be seen as a feeble imitation.

★★ Subway (15)
A stylish thriller by a 26-year-old French director, Luc Besson, set almost entirely in the Paris Métro. Christopher Lambert plays a mysterious young man, on the run from both the police & the henchmen of a millionaire whose safe he has blown. He takes refuge in the Métro, descending to its lower depths where dwell various underworld characters who shelter him. He is also

pursued by Isabelle Adjani as the millionaire's wife whom he has blackmailed even though irresistibly drawn to her. There is a weary Métro police chief, played by Michel Galabru, who is diverting his men from trying to catch an elusive roller-skater (Jean-Hugues Anglade), an expert bag-snatcher who accelerates away at 50mph & even leaps the tracks on his skates.

Besson brilliantly creates this strange nether world whose inhabitants come out at night to raid the snack bars & watch the welders at work mending the tracks. After this, the Métro will never seem the same. See introduction for Aug showing in Edinburgh Film Festival. Opens London Sept 5. Lumière, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691); Chelsea Cinema, Kings Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc); Camden Plaza, 211 Camden High St, NW1 (485 2443).

ALSO SHOWING

★ The Assam Garden (U)

The performances of Deborah Kerr as a new widow toiling in her late husband's Gloucestershire garden & of Madhur Jaffrey as a middle-aged Indian woman overcome some implausibilities in Elisabeth Bond's script.

★★ Birdy (15)

Alan Parker's stature is enhanced by this film about two young Vietnam veterans. Matthew Modine, obsessed with ornithology, becomes a bird-like creature; Nicolas Cage plays the wounded friend trying to break through Modine's shell of unreason. Both men's performances are affectionate, touching & ultimately terrifying.

★ Careful He Might Hear You (PG)

Director Carl Schultz evokes 1930s Sydney convincingly in this story of an adult world seen through a child's eyes. Robyn Nevin & Wendy

Hughes play two sisters quarrelling over the upbringing of their six-year-old nephew, who is touchingly played by Nicholas Gledhill.

The Coca-Cola Kid (15)

Dusan Makavejev's film about a Coca-Cola salesman sent to bolster sales in a rural enclave of Australia begins promisingly as a satire of American marketing methods, but ends in anarchic farce.

Grace Quigley (15)

Rather dismal & tasteless film with Katharine Hepburn as an elderly woman in New York who joins a hitman to establish a business killing other elderly people who are feeling suicidal.

The Little Drummer Girl (15)

Disappointing film of John le Carré's novel, with Diane Keaton labouring & miscast as an idealistic young actress inveigled into helping Israeli intelligence capture & kill a dangerous Palestinian

★ Mask (15)

Excellent performance by Cher as a hard-living "biker" mother whose son is handicapped by a terrible facial disfigurement. Eric Stoltz plays the brave, likeable boy who, despite his frightening appearance, became a star pupil at his high school.

Mrs Sofiel (PG)

In Gillian Armstrong's film, Diane Keaton plays a prison warden's wife who falls in love with a condemned murderer & helps him to escape. Impressive production design by Luciana Arrighi but there is a dullness in the way the story is told.

Our Story (15)

Curious tale about a man (Alain Delon) meeting a woman (Natalia Baye) on a train, first making love & then being led to her home to discover that she is the executive neighbourhood's prime nymphomaniac.

★★ The Purple Rose of Cairo (PG)

Woody Allen's gentle comedy points up the importance of escapist cinema in Depression America. Mia Farrow plays a woman who has sat through the same film five times until suddenly its hero (Jeff Daniels) steps from the silver screen to whisk her off for an adventure in the real world.

★ Restless Natives (PG)

An enjoyable Scottish comedy, with Vincent Friell & Joe Mullaney as two bored Edinburgh youths who take to riding a motorcycle into the Highlands & holding up coaches filled with tourists. Attractive performances & superb photography.

Runaway (15)

Police thriller, written & directed by Michael Crichton, with Tom Selleck as a policeman faced with the job of disarming miscreant robots who are carrying out a series of murders. Neat, formula stuff, with an exhilarating car chase.

She'll Be Wearing Pink Pyjamas (15)

Julie Walters & a group of women from assorted backgrounds meet on an Outward Bound course in the Lake District where a tough instructor puts them through various endurance tests.

Steaming (18)

This adaptation of the stage play, in which a group of women—naked for much of the time—try to preserve their local bath house from threatened demolition, is unlikely to be the film for which director Joseph Losey is remembered.

A View to a Kill (PG)

The new Bond adventure is Roger Moore's seventh, the formula so well oiled it could have been composed by a computer. Christopher Walken is the villain, Grace Jones, Fiona Fullerton & Tanya Roberts the bedmates.

★★ Witness (15)

Peter Weir's excellent thriller—unusual, gripping & often tender—delineates Harrison Ford as a major star. Ford plays a police captain who is forced to hide out in an Amish community with a young widow (Kelly McGillis) whose eight-year-old son witnessed a drugs racket murder.

Certificates

U = unrestricted

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

MARGARET DAVIES



Lorin Maazel: conducts at the Edinburgh Festival Aug 21,22, & at the Proms Aug 23,24.

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL has its customary international flavour, though this year the "Auld Alliance" between Scotland and France has been resurrected to provide the festival's main theme and French musicians play a prominent part in the programme. The opening concert is given by the Orchestre National de France under Charles Dutoit, who play music by Berlioz, Debussy and Ravel; and the Orchestre de Paris play the final concert, which is devoted to Debussy, Boulez and Stravinsky. In the intervening three weeks the New Symphony Orchestra of the USSR makes its international débüt, having been formed by the conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky on his return to the USSR after the time he spent with the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Other visitors are the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under Lorin Maazel, and the Polish Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Jerzy Maksymiuk. Scotland's own orchestras make a considerable contribution to the festival and there is a week-long Yehudi Menuhin season.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

ALBERT HALL

SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Until Sept 14.

The American theme of the 1985 Proms reaches a climax with the London Sinfonietta concert at which Simon Rattle conducts Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, Copland's Appalachian Spring & Bernstein's Prelude, Fugue & Riffs, plus three pieces by Ives (Aug 26). The American pianist Ursula Oppens plays the solo part in Elliott Carter's Piano Concerto, with the Scottish National Orchestra under Matthias Bamert (Aug 7); & later the same evening at St Luke's Church, Chelsea, the BBC Singers perform Copland's In the Beginning, which traces the events of the six days of the Creation. The London Mozart Players under Jane Glover play Barber's Knoxville: Summer of 1915, a setting of a prose poem by James Agee, with Yvonne Kenny, soprano, as soloist (Aug 13). The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, at their second concert under Lorin Maazel, play William Schumann's Symphony No 7 (Aug 24). The BBC Philharmonic Orchestra under the American conductor Leonard Slatkin play Walter Piston's Symphony No 2 (Aug 30).

Among the season's new works, Malcolm Williamson's Three Poems of Borges, a BBC commission, has its first performance at a concert of the Ulster Orchestra, conducted by Bryden Thomson, with the

soprano Heather Harper as soloist (Aug 20); there will be a pre-Prom talk by the composer. There are two concerts on Aug 2: at the first, the London Symphony Orchestra under Claudio Abbado play works by Berg & Stravinsky, & Maria Ewing sings Mahler's Rückert-Lieder; the programme of the second includes Stockhausen's Klangtakte, Babbitt's Philomel & Jonathan Harvey's Mortuus plango, vivos voco, an electronic work which combines the voice of the composer's son singing words inscribed on the great tenor bell at Winchester Cathedral with the sounds of the bell itself.

Other highlights of the month are Bach's St Matthew Passion (Aug 3), Berlioz's La Damnation de Faust (Aug 5), a semi-staged performance of Glyndebourne's new production of Carmen, with Maria Ewing singing the title role (Aug 15), Bruckner's Symphony No 8 (Aug 17), & Jessye Norman singing Chausson's Poème de l'amour et de la mer, with the BBC Symphony Orchestra (Aug 29).

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

The month begins with Summer in the City, which includes concerts of popular music by the English Chamber Orchestra (Aug 1) & the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Aug 3, 4), afternoon children's concerts by the City of London Sinfonia (Aug 1,4) & lunchtime concerts in St Giles Cripplegate by the New London Singers (Aug 1) & the Chamber

Orchestra of Europe Brass Ensemble (Aug 2). The City of London Sinfonia, with Anne-Marie Owens, Richard Stuart, David Wilson Johnson & Philip Dennis, give a staged performance of Mussorgsky's opera *The Marriage* (Aug 2) & perform Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks, with fireworks, on the Lakeside Terrace (Aug 3). There will also be a costumed presentation of *The Yeomen of the Guard* (Aug 6,7). Next come the London Symphony Orchestra's Summer Pops, seven concerts under the musical direction of John Dankworth, which will combine popular classics with film music, jazz & songs from the shows (Aug 8-15). Glyndebourne Festival Opera makes an exceptional visit to the Barbican with a concert performance of this season's production of *Idomeneo* (Aug 16). There follows a brief Mostly Mozart Festival (Aug 22-24), given by the Academy of Ancient Music & the London Symphony Orchestra, which begins with the version of Messiah orchestrated by Mozart. There are further concerts of popular music given by the LSO (Aug 17), the RPO (Aug 18,27,31) & the ECO (Aug 30).

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL

Crystal Palace Park, SE19. Box office: Royal Festival Hall, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Three concerts culminating in firework displays: the Philharmonia Orchestra under Howard Sneli, with Hakan Hardenberger, trumpet, play trumpet works by Hummel, Purcell & Vivaldi (Aug 4); the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Charles Groves play Elgar, Holst & Mussorgsky (Aug 11); the National Philharmonic Orchestra, with Stanley Black as conductor & pianist, play film & television music (Aug 18).

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Box office: 21 Market St, Edinburgh (031-226 4001, cc 031-225 5756). Aug 11-31.

Usher Hall: The Orchestre National de France open the festival with three concerts of French music (Aug 11-13), including two piano concertos by Ravel played by Martha Argerich & Michel Béroff. They are followed by the New Symphony Orchestra of the USSR under Rozhdestvensky, who combine French & Russian music in their two programmes (Aug 14,15). The Scottish National Orchestra play Mahler's Symphony No 8 (Aug 17). During the second week the Orchestre de l'Opéra de Lyon under John Eliot Gardiner give two concerts devoted to Mozart (Aug 19) & Schumann (Aug 20); & Lorin Maazel conducts the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in Bartók & Berlioz (Aug 21) & in Stravinsky & Franck (Aug 22). In the third week the London Philharmonic Orchestra give two concerts under Klaus Tennstedt (Aug 26,27); the Philharmonia Orchestra under Giuseppe Sinopoli play Mahler's Symphonies No 5 & No 2 (Aug 28,29); the Orchestre de Paris under Barenboim give the two final concerts (Aug 30,31).

Yehudi Menuhin spends a week at the festival playing Bach with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra (Aug 12,16), giving a solo recital (Aug 13) and conducting St Mary's Music School Orchestra (Aug 15). EDINGTON MUSIC FESTIVAL

Priory Church, Edington, Wilts (0380 830512). Aug 18-25.

For 30 years this 14th-century church in a small Wiltshire village has held a festival of music within the liturgy. The offices of matins & compline are sung to plainsong by the Schola Cantorum. At solemn eucharist & choral evensong boy choristers, choral

scholars & lay clerks from many of the great cathedrals & collegiate choirs sing music from the 12th to the 20th centuries. Choral evensong on Aug 21 will be broadcast live by the BBC. No tickets are required & there are no reserved seats.

HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

Box office: Royal Baths, Harrogate, N Yorks (0423 65757, cc). July 30-Aug 12.

An audio-visual presentation of *The Rhinegold* by Wagner has its world première at the festival (Aug 10). Devised by Mark D'Paul, it employs 16 computer-controlled projectors, & the images combine production pictures with the Arthur Rackham illustrations & some original paintings; the sound track used is the English National Opera recording conducted by Reginald Goodall. The opening concert is given by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Yehudi Menuhin. The festival programme also includes a complete performance of *The Well Tempered Clavier* by Bach in three recitals given by the Canadian harpsichordist Kenneth Gilbert (July 31, Aug 1 morning & evening); & there will be four celebrity recitals given by the Dutch soprano Elly Ameling (Aug 2), the French pianist Cécile Ousset (Aug 4), the Greek pianist Dimitris Sgouros (Aug 11) & the Russian cellist Mstislav Rostropovich & his pianist daughter Helen (Aug 12).

KENWOOD LAKESIDE

Hampstead Lane, NW3. Box office: Royal Festival Hall, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

The Hallé Orchestra under Owain Arwell Hughes play Dvořák's New World Symphony & music by Verdi, Arnold & Rimsky Korsakov (Aug 3); & the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Charles Groves celebrate the conductor's 70th birthday in a concert of music by Beethoven, Schubert, Strauss, Elgar & three movements from *The Planets* by Holst, followed by fireworks (Aug 10).

THE MALTINGS PROMS

Box office: Aldeburgh Foundation, Free-post, Aldeburgh, Suffolk (072 885 3543, cc). Aug 17-26.

A varied programme which opens with a concert of English music played by the Cambridge Co-operative Brass Band. Others taking part are the Jacques Loussier Trio (Aug 18), the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra (Aug 21), Nigel Kennedy & the Diz Dizley All Stars (Aug 22), Jon Kimura Parker, winner of the 1984 Leeds International Piano Competition (Aug 23), the New Swingle Singers (Aug 24) & the Johann Strauss Orchestra under Jack Rothstein, violin (Aug 25).

ROSTROPOVICH FESTIVAL

Box office: Aldeburgh Foundation, Free-post, Aldeburgh, Suffolk (072 885 3543, cc). Aug 8-11.

For his third festival, which takes place in Snape Maltings & Blythburgh Church, the great Russian cellist Mstislav Rostropovich conducts the Britten-Pears Orchestra in a Bach programme (Aug 8); he plays early Beethoven Trios with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin, & Bruno Gruan, viola (Aug 9); he gives a solo recital of Bach Suites (Aug 10); & conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus in the first performance of *Praise We Great Men*, Britten's last, unfinished work (Colin Matthews completed the orchestration), a setting of a poem dedicated to the composer by Edith Sitwell (Aug 11).

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

This year's South Bank Summer Music



Frith Street coincided last year with the 25th anniversary of the Castro revolution. So they were very chuffed."

Certainly this must be the most innovative move made at Scott's for many years, and with London filled with tourists it might be advisable to book to make sure you hear the sounds of these Latin American musicians.

A theatre season at the Bloomsbury Theatre in Gordon Street, WC1 (387 9629) reflects the changed nature of the entertainment scene. **Harvey & The Wallbangers**, with their current show "Like Men Possessed", are in residence nightly from August 12 to 24. Although they have already had a sell-out run at the theatre this year, it is remarkable that such a group can settle down for a London summer season rather than being doomed to tours or to a single spot in a variety show. I am sure a lot of people will enjoy The Wallbangers' zany entertainment, which boils down to a jokey tour through pop history. They obviously like what they do, and they mix old nostalgic songs with much of their own new material. They include everything, from unaccompanied vocal harmonies to swing and country, blues, Latin and trad jazz.

There are some interesting goings-on over on the South Bank (928 3191). **Ned Sherrin** and **Alistair Beaton**, the team that last year put on *The Ratepayers' Iolanthe*, are doing something similar with *The Metropolitan Mikado* at the Queen Elizabeth Hall from July 30 to August 17. They use the music of Gilbert and Sullivan to have a bash at the Conservative government (the year is 1996, Britain has 14 million unemployed and has become a colony of Japan, groaning under the heel of the Countess of Grantham). All very funny, I imagine, if you like that sort of thing.

More serious items include the **Peter Nu Jazz Company**, with dancers **Will Gaines** and **Lesley Saltman** (August 6) and **Mr B Plays Basie** (August 13), both in the Purcell Room. **Guitar maestro, John Williams**, plays in the Queen Elizabeth Hall (August 26).

The **Pizza Express**, Dean Street, W1 (437 7215) is going full blast: among its delights are the American trumpeter **Warren Vache** for four nights (August 7-10) and the **Digby Fairweather House Band** (August 9).

Finally, advance warning: **Diana Ross** is coming to the Albert Hall (589 8212) on September 18, 19. I wish you good luck in the rush for tickets!

Birtwistle's *The Mask of Orpheus*, which will be a world première.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA
Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). Until Aug 14.

The revival of *Idomeneo*, conducted by Simon Rattle, continues until the end of the season. Trevor Nunn's production, which borrows from the Japanese theatre for its formal stage pictures, again has Philip Langridge, who dominated the 1983 performances, singing the title role. With John Aler as Idamante, Yvonne Kenny as Ilia & Elizabeth Connell as Electra (July 27, 29 Aug 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14).

There are further performances of Peter Hall's winning new production of *Albert Herring* in John Gunter's marvellously detailed & spacious sets which capture life in both grand & humble dwellings in Loxford. Britten's score is crisply defined by the LPO soloists under Bernard Haitink & the excellent cast is headed by the gangling, blond Albert of John Graham-Hall, who is less

dim than put-upon until the rum loosens his tongue & his inhibitions. Alan Opie's Sid & Jean Rigby's Nancy are well sung & portrayed, & there are neat caricatures of the town worthies by Derek Hammond-Stroud, Richard Van Allan & Elizabeth Gale. Felicity Palmer's Florence Pike has the bark & bite of a Lady Billows, who is rather underplayed by Patricia Johnson (July 26, 28, 31, Aug 2, 4).

The final production of the season is the double-bill made up of *Where the Wild Things Are* & *Higglety Pigglety Pop!*, two fantasy operas by Oliver Knussen to libretti by Maurice Sendak, based on two of his favourite children's stories. Sendak is also responsible for the designs & both works are directed by Frank Corsaro. Not to be missed is Cynthia Buchan's delightful portrayal of Jennie the Sealyham terrier in the second opera, which recounts her adventures when she leaves home in search of her heart's desire. (Aug 5, 7, 9, 11, 13 matinées & evenings).

(Aug 18-Sept 1), again under the direction of the guitarist **John Williams**, features the music & musicians of Spain & Latin America, marks the tercentenaries of Bach & Scarlatti, & includes a presentation of Italian Renaissance music theatre. The opening concert, given in the Festival Hall by the **English Chamber Orchestra** under Alexander Gibson, provides a link with South Bank Summer Folk, see p77. (Aug 18-25) when the orchestra is joined by the Irish piper Liam O'Flynn for the first UK performance of *The Brendan Voyage* by Shaun Davey.

In the Queen Elizabeth Hall: the **Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra** with its harpsichordist director Ton Koopman play Bach's Suites Nos 1-4 (Aug 19); the **Medici String Quartet**, with John Williams & the viola player Mike Cookson, play Mozart & Boccherini (Aug 20); the **Moscow Chamber Orchestra** with Victor Tretyakov as director & solo violinist play Handel, Mozart, Haydn & Shostakovich (Aug 22); the harpsichordist **Rafael Puyana** plays Bach & Scarlatti (Aug 24); **John Williams** gives a solo guitar recital (Aug 26); the Brazilian pianist **Nelson Freire** gives a recital of music by Villa-Lobos, Brahms, Chopin & Albéniz (Aug 27) & is joined by the French pianist **Jean-Philippe Collard** & the percussionists **Tristan Fry** & **James Holland** in a programme of Rachmaninov, Chavez & Bartók (Aug 30); **Andrei Gavrilov**'s piano recital includes works by Bach & Scriabin (Aug 29). To conclude there will be performances of *The Marriage of Pantalone*, to music by Vecchi, Banchieri & others, given by La Famiglia Carrara, who have a family history in *commedia dell'arte* dating back to the 17th century; the Consort of Musicke under Anthony Rooley also take part. Each performance is preceded by about two hours of informal entertainment in the foyer of the QEII (Aug 31, Sept 1 matinée & evening).

VALE OF GLAMORGAN FESTIVAL
Box office: St Donats Arts Centre, St Donats Castle, Llantwit Major, S Glam (044 63 2807). Aug 12-28.

The **Moscow Chamber Orchestra**, with Victor Tretyakov as director & violinist, give two concerts in St Donats Castle (Aug 23, 24); the **Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra**, led by Ton Koopman, its director & harpsichord soloist, play Bach Orchestral Suites in St Illtyd's Church, Llantwit Major (Aug

OPERA

BUXTON FESTIVAL

Box office: Opera House, Buxton, Derbyshire (0298 71010, cc 0298 78939). Until Aug 11. This year's festival examines the legacy of the *commedia dell'arte* & in particular its influence on *opera buffa*, via the Italian playwright Carlo Goldoni who supplied the libretti for the two operas being staged. *La buona figliola*, by Niccolò Piccinni, is based on Samuel Richardson's novel *Pamela* & was last staged professionally in Britain in 1810. It will be produced at Buxton by John Dexter, with designs by Brien Vahey, & the cast includes Nan Christie, Rita Cullis, Pamela Geddes, Mark Holland & Gordon Sandison (July 25, 27, 31, Aug 2, 8, 10). *Il filosofo di campagna*, by Baldassare Galuppi, dates from 1754 & was last performed in Britain in 1768. It will be produced by Malcolm Fraser & designed by Peter Rice; the cast includes Meryl Drower, Donald Maxwell & Adrian Thompson (Aug 1, 3, 7, 9). Both operas will be conducted by Anthony Hose & will be sung in English.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Box office: 21 Market St, Edinburgh (031-226 4001, cc 031-225 5756). Aug 11-31. This year's French connexion is particularly strong in the field of opera with two companies coming from France. The Opéra de Lyon are bringing two productions to the King's Theatre, both conducted by John Eliot Gardiner: *L'Etoile* by Chabrier is directed by Louis Erl & designed by Jacques Rapp, & the cast includes Georges Gautier, Jules Bastin & Colette Alliot-Lugaz (Aug 12, 15, 16). Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* is directed & designed by Pierre Strosser, with Diana Montague as Mélisande, François le Roux as Pelléas & José van Dam as Golaud (Aug 14, 17).

Les Arts Florissants will present a double bill at the Lyceum Theatre, made up of *Actéon* by Marc-Antoine Charpentier, which is based on the story of the mythological hero, & Rameau's *Anacréon*, which is centred on the debate between love & the pleasures of the table, the theme of one of Anacréon's poems. Both are directed by William Christie (Aug 18, 19).

Connecticut Grand Opera are staging *The Consul* at the Leith Theatre, in a production by the composer, Menotti, designed by Julia Trevelyan Oman & conducted by Laurence Gilmore (Aug 23, 24, 26, 28).

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The 1985/86 season opens with a revival of Jonathan Miller's outstandingly successful production of *Rigoletto*, which he up-dated to the 1950s & set in the milieu of the New York Mafia. The title role will be sung by Neil Howlett, Gilda by Joan Rodgers, the Duke by David Rendall (Aug 28, 31). There will be eight new productions this season, among them *Don Giovanni* & *The Magic Flute*, both of which will be directed by Jonathan Miller. The others are *Orpheus in the Underworld*, *Faust*, Rossini's *Moses*, *Parsifal*, to be conducted by Reginald Goodall, Busoni's *Doctor Faust* & Harrison



Cynthia Buchan as Jennie: in *Higglety Pigglety Pop!* at Glyndebourne, Aug 5.

BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW

Attention focuses mainly north of the Border this month, as the Edinburgh Festival includes some really exciting dance items. That new comet of ballet, **Michael Clark**, whose work is both startling and praiseworthy, premieres a new full-length work, danced by Clark himself with a company of four. Music is provided by The Fall and Jeffrey Hinton, and designs are by Leigh Bowery and Body Map.

Clark's new work always arises from ideas he has already produced, and this full evening's dance is a development of performances seen in Britain on only two occasions this spring, as part of the Bath Festival. Edinburgh is, I suspect, in for quite a surprise. The new show is at the Royal Lyceum from August 11 to 14.

It is followed at the same venue on August 20 by a company from France, Ris et Danceries, founded by Francine Lancelot to satisfy a resurgence of interest in 17th- and 18th-century music and dance in France. They will perform a work called *Suite d'un goit étranger* accompanied by authentic instruments of the period. Lancelot has also choreographed a piece danced to Bach's Cello Suite No 3 which will be performed by Nureyev at Usher Hall as part of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra's programme on August 16.

At the Playhouse, between August 13 and 20, the Scottish Ballet is in residence. The short season includes the world première of Peter Darrell's *Carmen*—to the Bizet music, naturally; who would dare do else?—with designs by Terry Bartlett. The title role will be danced at the première by 19-year-old Christine Camillo, for whom great things are forecast. Certainly her dark, smouldering good looks fit well with the role. The double bill of *La Sylphide*, with Nureyev guesting as James, is given together with Jiří Kylián's delightful and amusing *Symphony in D*, which makes the programme excellent value.

Finally, also at the Playhouse, on August 30 and 31, is the Paris Opera Ballet's Groupe de Recherche Chorégraphique,

presenting Paul Taylor's *Aureole*, with five other new works.

It is time for a farewell during the last days of the current Royal Ballet season at Covent Garden when, on August 2, **Alessandra Ferri** dances Juliet, to Wayne Eagling's Romeo, in her last performance as a company member. She joins American Ballet Theatre in New York as principal dancer in September—a great loss, and one can only hope she will return some time when the Royal Ballet has recovered its lustre. At the end of a season which cannot be called satisfactory, we should wish **Anthony Dowell** every success, and a bit of luck, as the new Associate Director, while offering commiserations to the retiring Director, Norman Morrice, who stands down for him next year. Covent Garden does not seem to have been the happiest of places for the development of artistic talent in recent years. Let us hope Dowell has enough power in his elbow to drive through the thickets and jungles of administration and amateur opinion and decision which have beset our major ballet company of late. The new season opens on October 17.

London Festival Ballet repeat their new production of *Coppélia* and Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet* at the Festival Hall, together with *La Sylphide*, from July 29 to August 17. Nureyev is dancing at every performance at the London Coliseum between July 29 and August 10, with the Tokyo Ballet, who are performing *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*; and for those interested in young dancers as they develop, the **Australian Youth Ballet** will be at the Festival Hall from August 20 to 24, with two programmes.

Edinburgh Festival performances, Festival box office, 21 Market Street, Edinburgh (031-225 5756, cc). **Royal Ballet**, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). **London Festival Ballet & The Australian Youth Ballet**, Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800). **Tokyo Ballet**, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).



Michael Clark, rising star of the dance world: at the Edinburgh Festival, August 11-14.

SPORT

FRANK KEATING

THE MOST COMPELLING event of the month could be on August 30 when the Olympic 1,500 metres men's champion, **Sebastian Coe**, attempts a dashing new assault on his own world record for the mile in the Heysel Stadium, Brussels. Until soccer's tragic night in May this year the stadium was known as the scene of Coe's best-ever mile of 3 minutes 47.33 seconds. A new record from the British runner would, in the circumstances, be a touching and timely reminder to the still stunned Belgian capital that British sport has its noble, chivalrous and accomplished side.

In this high summer, visiting American athletes **Carl Lewis**—holder of four gold medals from the Los Angeles Olympics—and **Mary Slaney (née Decker)**—in a series of re-matches with the barefoot **Zola Budd**—can be expected to produce more of the usual pyrotechnics at Europe's grand prix meetings.

HIGHLIGHTS

ATHLETICS

Grand Prix & other major meetings: Crystal Palace, SE19, Aug 2; Budapest, Hungary, Aug 4; Gateshead, Tyne & Wear, Aug 9; Lage, W Germany, Aug 9; Moscow, USSR, Aug 17, 18; Zürich, Switzerland, Aug 21; Berlin, W Germany, Aug 23; Cologne, W Germany, Aug 25; Brussels, Belgium, Aug 30. See introduction.

CRICKET

Cornhill Insurance Test series, England v Australia: Fourth Test, Old Trafford, Aug 1-3, 5, 6; Fifth Test, Edgbaston, Aug 15-17, 19, 20; Sixth Test, The Oval, Aug 29-31, Sept 2, 3.

“Seeing” the Test match, to many, means no more than tuning in the radio to the BBC's *Test Match Special* which over the years has become a singular institution, speckled with some splashes of glorious eccentricity—for instance, the gourmet commentators' judgment of a chocolate cake at teatime can be invested with as much adjectival solemnity as a Boycott century. This Ashes summer against Australia has also represented a grand farewell tour by the longest serving cricket commentator of them all—Alan McGilvray, the Australian who did his first ball-by-ball transmission of the game in 1934, when he would “translate” staccato cables sent to Australia by wire & then deliver them as though he were really across the ocean at Trent Bridge, The Oval or wherever. Since then he has rattled up over 250 Tests—far more than any other man—&, during this series, celebrated his 100th Ashes Test. For more than 50 years he has been the “whispering” commentator—his style unique. In his book *Chatterboxes* the senior English broadcaster, Brian Johnston, described



Sebastian Coe: seeking to improve on his own record in Brussels on August 30.

McGilvray's knack: “He speaks right up against the microphone so confidently & so quietly that even if you are sitting next to him you cannot hear what he is saying.” He will be heard for the last time in England at the Oval match which begins on August 29. We shall miss him.

FOOTBALL

FA Charity Shield, Wembley Stadium, Middlesex, Aug 10.

Football League season begins, Aug 17. Britain's national game embarks on its most critical voyage since the first skimpy outline rules for “the simplest game” were codified by two Salopians at Cambridge, Thring & de Winton, in 1862: “A goal is deemed scored whenever the ball is forced through the goal & under the bar, except it be thrown by the hand.” Far removed from such students' innocence were the events of May 29, 1985—the grievous riot in Brussels that caused the death of 38 people & had the chairman of the English Football Association, the founding body of the game, admitting that British soccer people were now “the lepers of the world”. From all the resulting acres of print, from Government edicts to commentators' columns, one thing has emerged with certainty: British professional soccer begins its new season at absolute rock bottom; it has totally run out of goodwill.



Australian cricket commentator Alan McGilvray: last English Test broadcasts.

LONDON MISCELLANY

PENNY WATTS-RUSSELL

EVENTS

Until Aug 15. **The South Bank Alternative**, a festival of music, dance, drama & literature featuring some of the colourful & contemporary arts groups in London. These include Steel An' Skin Afro-Caribbean band (July 26, Aug 3), **African Dawn**, performers from Kenya, Ghana, Zimbabwe & Senegal in a programme of poetry & African music (Aug 7) & **Brixton Music Development Ltd** presenting South London folk styles (Aug 11). Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £2, OAPs, students, children & unemployed £1.

July 28, 8.30pm. **The Devils**. A fiery spectacle can be expected in this outdoor staging of a pagan drama with fireworks, demons & dragons by Spain's Els Comediants. Battersea Park, SW11. Admission free.

Aug 8-11. **Physical '85**. All the latest in sports & leisure clothing, as well as the most up-to-date methods for getting & keeping fit. The London Physi-Cab Driver Competition finds the fittest London taxi driver, while live shows three times daily demonstrate that working out can be fun. Kensington Exhibition Centre, Derry St, W8. Thurs 11.15am-7.30pm, Fri, Sat 10.30am-7.30pm, Sun 10.30am-6pm. £3, OAPs & children £1.50.

Aug 13-Sept 14, Mon-Sat 9pm. **The Heart of the Nation**. See introduction. Horse Guards Parade, SW1. Tickets £5, £6. Proceeds to the Soldiers', Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association. Postal bookings, with sae, to The Heart of the Nation, 27 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1H 9BZ (222 9228, cc 741 9999).

Aug 15-18. **West London Antiques Fair**. The second this year, its 75 stands display porcelain, furniture, clocks, silver & more unusual items such as Indian watercolour miniatures & 17th-century cabinet makers' tools. Kensington Town Hall, Hornton St, W8. Thurs-Sat 11am-8pm, Sun until 6pm. £1.50 (includes illustrated catalogue).

Aug 18-25. **South Bank Summer Folk**. This eight-day festival featuring folk artists from as far afield as Norfolk (Billy Bennington) & Texas (Junior Daugherty) is now a traditional part of the South Bank's summer music programme (see p74). Its finale, 1pm onwards on Aug 25, includes an informal session with Alistair Anderson & Phil Cunningham, to which you are invited to bring your own instrument & join in the music-making. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Aug 24-26, daily 8.30am-6pm. **Greater London Horse Show**. Shetland pony "Grand Nationals", heavy horses & musical drives are among the equestrian entertainments over the three days. Horticultural & agricultural exhibitions, art displays, mobile zoo & fancy dress competition provide further diversions. Clapham Common, SW4. Admission free.

Aug 28-Sept 7, 3pm, 7.45pm. **Moscow State Circus**. This circus comes to town for the first time in 15 years as part of a nationwide tour of Britain which started in Belfast in July & finishes in Birmingham in September: no animals, but 70 acrobats, high-wire artistes, jugglers & illusionists—& "the world's greatest clown", Oleg Popov, whose ability to communicate through mime breaks all barriers of language & nationality. Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (580 9562, cc 323 1576). £5-£11, reductions for OAPs, students & children at matinées.



THE SPOTLIGHT FALLS on Horse Guards Parade, the former tiltyard of Whitehall Palace, with the return of the *son et lumière*, **The Heart of the Nation**, from August 13 until September 14. The production re-creates the highlights of Whitehall's past through the use of changing lights, sound effects and the voices of well-known actors, including John Gielgud (as the Duke of Wellington), Keith Michell (Henry VIII), Paul Scofield (Charles I), Barbara Windsor (Nell Gwyn) and Robert Hardy (Winston Churchill). In the evening's fading light 500 years of dramatic and war-studded history unfold as Henry hears of the execution of Anne Boleyn, Wellington and Nelson report their triumphs and Churchill rallies the British people to resist the enemy. Seats under cover provide protection against the vagaries of English weather. See below.

□ Revamped and recently reopened in a purpose-built theatre within the new Trocadero Centre at Piccadilly Circus, **The London Experience** uses a combination of photography, film and video to portray London's past and present. The 33 minute presentation, with multi-language facilities, has been described as a "taster" for visitors to London: a map in the souvenir booklet (£1.50) locates places mentioned. Games in the foyer are a good test of knowledge of the capital. The show runs seven days a week, 19 times a day, from 10.20am until 10.20pm. Admission is £1.75 for adults, £1.25 for OAPs, students and children and £5 for a family ticket for two adults and four children.

FOR CHILDREN

Until Aug 31. **Horniman Workshop**. Free admission for the first 20 children of eight & over each day for arts & crafts & pottery sessions (daily, except Sun & Aug 26, 10.30am-12.30pm, 1.30-3.30pm). An **Introduction to Shadow Puppet Theatre**. A three-day course in which eight- to 12-year-olds devise a storyline on a museum theme, make puppets & improvise a show (Aug 5-7, 10.30am-3pm, £5). **International Folk Dance**. A three-day course on dances from Israel, Greece, Mexico, Rumania & Yugoslavia (Aug 6-8, 10.30am-12.30pm, £2). **Masks old & new**. Writers' workshops for young people (Aug 10, 10.30am-12.30pm for 11-13 years, 1.30-3.30pm for 14-16 years, 50p). Book places in advance by sending cheques payable to Horniman Leisure Account to the Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23 3PQ (699 1872).

July 28-Aug 4. **Summer in the City**. According to the Barbican, it may be tough on the streets but it's great in the City—at least for the eight days of their family festival. Free festivities include late-night firework display over the Barbican lake to the accompaniment of Handel's Firework

Music (Aug 3, 10.45pm), storytelling in the Barbican Children's Library (weekdays) & **Reynardine**, a play with battles & fire-eating (Aug 3). Richard Stilgoe is the narrator at City of London Sinfonia performances of Poulenc's Babar the Elephant & Prokofiev's Peter & the Wolf (Aug 1, 4, 3pm, £3.50). Workshops (daily 11am-2.30pm, Sun noon-3.30pm, 50p) provide the opportunity for four- to 12-year-olds to try their hands at drawing, sculpture, silk screen printing, dance & drama on the Conservatory Terrace. Special leaflet detailing events from Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

July 30-Aug 11. **Summer holiday events for the family**. A fortnight of walks, talks, workshops & practical sessions, including a **City café walk** (July 31), **silk weaving & dressing up in the 18th century** demonstrations (Aug 3, 4), looking at **18th-century guns & pistols** (Aug 7) & **printing with letter press** sessions (Aug 10, 11). Apply, with sae, for full details to the Education Department, Museum of London, London Wall, EC2Y 5HN (600 3699 ext 239).

Aug 5-30, closed Aug 26. **Family centre at the Natural History Museum**. For all ages, animal brass rubbings & nature quizzes, the chance to look down microscopes & to handle specimens such as bones & fossils. Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Aug 19-23, 26-30, 10am-5pm. **Arts & crafts sessions**, for seven- to 12-year-olds. By examining some of the objects, such as basketry, featherwork & beadwork, in the Hidden Peoples of the Amazon & Inuit/Eskimo exhibitions, children are encouraged to create similar artifacts themselves, learning some of the techniques involved. There are accompanying films & slide talks. Entry is on a first-come, first-served basis. Museum of Mankind, 6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224 ext 43).

Aug 20-23. **Circus skills**. For the child who has always wanted to ride a unicycle, walk on stilts or juggle, four days in the hands of a trained circus skills teacher (daily 10am-noon for nine-13 years, 2-4pm for 14-18 years, £12). There is also an adult course (Aug 20 7-9.30pm, Aug 24 2-4.30pm, £10). Further information on the workshops, & about productions in the auditorium throughout the summer, from Polka Children's Theatre, 240 The Broadway, Wimbledon, SW19 (543 3741).

Aug 26-31. **South Bank Summer Kids**: **Dagarti Arts Group** present free workshop sessions at 3pm in the foyer for five- to 12-year-olds to learn about African dance & drumming with the opportunity to join in the group's later performances in the auditorium (Aug 26, 27, 5.30pm); **Lowestoft Puppet Theatre** put on productions of *Red Riding Hood* & *The Siege of Troy* for six- to 11-year-olds (Aug 28, 29, 5.30pm); **John Williams** explores the magical sounds of the guitar (Aug 30, 5.30pm) & **Tristan Fry** explains the percussion instruments (Aug 31, 4.30pm). Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £1.50, adults £2.50.

LECTURES

LYTTELTON THEATRE

National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252).

Aug 1, 29, 6pm. **Platform performances**: Artists **David Hockney** & **Ian Pollock** take the stage to talk about their work on show at the Hayward Gallery & the National Theatre, respectively (see p78)—Hockney to discuss colour & perspective in the theatre (Aug 1) & Pollock his approach to illustration (Aug 29). Tickets £1.80.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Aug 7, 14, 21, 28, 6.30pm. **Pictures in the Collection**. To coincide with the Gallery's summer Wednesday late-evening openings, special talks in front of major works: Aug 7, Velazquez's *Philip IV Hunting Wild Boar*, Michael Hirst (room 41); Aug 14, Monet's *Waterlilies*, Michael Wilson (room 46); Aug 21, Veronese's *Allegories of Love*, Allan Graham (room 9); Canaletto's *The Stonemason's Yard*, Sir Michael Levey (room 34).

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Aug 8, 20, 1.10pm. **The contemporary portrait**. Talks by Maggi Hambling (Aug 8) & Hans Schwarz (Aug 20) about their works in the gallery & their approaches to portrait painting.

NATIONAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Aug 10, 3pm. **Birdwatching for everyone**, Peter Holden. The national organizer of the Young Ornithologists' Club gives an illustrated talk on British birds, highlighting some of the more common species & offering useful advice on birdwatching.

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BRIEFING

EXHIBITIONS

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

AFTER TRIUMPHANT showings in Mexico and the United States (it was ecstatically received in San Francisco), Hockney Paints the Stage arrives at the Hayward Gallery on August 1. The exhibition surveys Hockney's work for the theatre, which began in earnest in the mid 1970s. The show is well presented: seven gallery-scale set recreations populated with cut-out figures give a real impression of what the productions were like. But it also leaves a slight, nagging dissatisfaction about the direction Hockney's talent has taken during the last decade. There is too much which is easy, charming and basically superficial.

□ There is as yet no permanent display of the best in contemporary crafts—no craftsmen's equivalent of the Tate Gallery. But there is the usually invisible collection of British craft work which has been built up by the Crafts Council over the past 12 years. This is now being shown as a whole for the first time—more than 750 items in all, representing the work of 200 people. The slightly monstrous jostles with the distinctly marvellous at the Crafts Council Gallery from July 31.

□ The visual arts component in the Edinburgh Festival often looks like an afterthought—not the fault of the organizers, as they do not have control over any major exhibition space. This year a number of exhibitions highlight the "Auld Alliance" between France and Scotland: Colour since Matisse at the Royal Scottish Academy (August 9-September 21) includes interesting new names like Jean-Charles Blais, as well as the classic exponents of modernism; the Royal Scottish Museum's French Connexions has superb French silver (August 11-February 4, 1986); the Scottish Portrait Gallery turns the spotlight on A French Painter in Exile, Henri Pierre Danloux, 1753-1804 (August 2-September 22). You could even say the commemorative show devoted to S. J. Peploe, 1871-1953, at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art (until September 8) has a French accent, since this Scottish colourist was an early convert to Post-Impressionism. Festival brochure from 031-226 4001 (see page 82).

GALLERIES

Galleries & museums normally open on Mondays are open on the bank holiday on August 26, unless otherwise stated.

BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Open Exhibition of Contemporary British Watercolours.** A £1,000 award goes to the most outstanding work exhibited, chosen by the Selection Committee. Aug 1-21. £1, OAPs, students, unemployed & children 50p.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun & Aug 26 noon-5.45pm. **Painting in Newlyn 1880-1930.** Before St Ives there was Newlyn, & before Modernism there was Romantic Realism. Stanhope Forbes, in particular, now looks like a rather gifted painter—almost the British Millet. **Patrick Heron.** Heron was left stranded in mid-career by the advent of Pop Art. His shrill claims to have invented Abstract Expressionism almost cost him credibility. But the pictures often look good & it is time his talent was re-assessed. Both until Sept 1. £1.50, OAPs, disabled, students & children 75p.

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-5pm. Closed Aug 26. **Studio Glass.** This comprehensive selection of decorative glass made by 32 members of the British Crafts Centre includes decorative bowls, dishes & vases & refined sculptural constructions. Until Aug 10. **Wall Hung Textiles.** Tapestries, weavings, quilting & embroidery. Aug 16-Sept 14.

CANADA HOUSE CULTURAL CENTRE GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, SW1 (629 9492). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sun noon-5.30pm. **Mohawk Memac Maliseet.** & other Indian souvenirs from Victorian Canada. Until Aug 13.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **A Collection in the Making.** See introduction. July 31-Sept 15.

ANGELA FLOWERS

11 Tottenham Mews, W1 (637 3089). Mon-Fri 10.30am-6pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed Aug 26. **Patrick Hughes.** New paintings. Another teasing collection of visual paradoxes from the English

equivalent of M.C. Escher. Until Aug 12. **The Print Show 1985—Woodcuts & Linocuts.** Artists include Jaray, Kowalsky, Loker & Rothenstein. Aug 13-Sept 14.

GOETHE INSTITUTE

50 Princes Gate, SW7 (581 3344). Mon-Fri noon-6pm. Closed Aug 26. **Young German Artists.** Work by exchange students currently studying in Britain. Aug 2-30.

GROUND FLOOR

45 Shelton St, WC2 (379 3109). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. **Second Nature.** This first exhibition for the London Ecology Centre's new gallery, "formed to forge a fusion between art & nature", features the original illustrations from a recent anthology of the same name by 42 writers & artists living in Britain. Until Aug 9. £1, OAPs, students, unemployed & children 50p.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Wed 10am-5pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. **Hockney Paints the Stage.** See introduction. **Edward Burra.** Paintings, watercolours, collages & drawings from all periods of the career of this English artist (1905-76) whose observations of 1920s Bohemia established his reputation, & whose work included memorable pictures resulting from visits to America. Both Aug 1-Sept 29. £3, OAPs, students, unemployed & children & everybody all day Mon & 6-8pm Tues & Wed, £1.50.

MEDICI GALLERIES

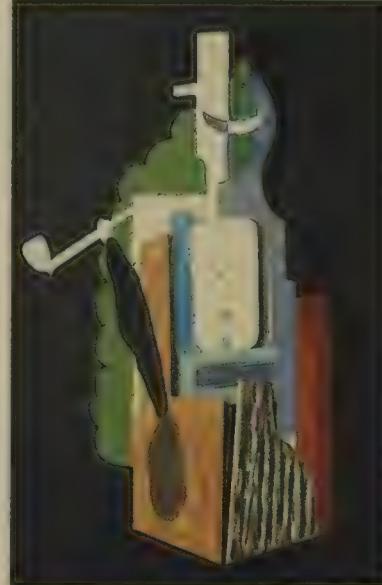
7 Grafton St, W1 (629 5675). Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm. **Miniatures.** A revival of interest in the genre has prompted Medici to make this exhibition an annual event. Until Aug 8.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Howard Coster: Camera Portraits from the Twenties & Thirties.** A centenary survey of the work of a leading portrait photographer of the 1920s & 30s, celebrated for his use of carefully judged low-key effects. Until Sept 8. **John Player Portrait Award 1985.** Winning & selected entries from the sixth annual portrait competition. July 25-Oct 20.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2252). Mon-Sat 10am-11pm. **Pollock.** A first retrospective for one of Britain's most innovative & successful illustrators,



Parade Stage Manager, 1980: David Hockney at the Hayward (see introduction).

Ian Pollock, whose work ranges from a monthly contribution to *Rolling Stone* to a full-length *King Lear* for the Cartoon Shakespeare series. Aug 12-Sept 21.

NEW SOUTH WALES HOUSE GALLERY

66 Strand, WC2 (839 6651). Mon-Fri 9am-4pm. **Haydn Wilson.** Paintings. Until Aug 15.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (629 1578). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. **David Smith—Sprays from Bolton Landing.** David Smith thought of sculpture & painting as activities which were inextricably intertwined. This show contains 28 paintings, 48 works on paper & one sculpture by the man who has been called "the father of contemporary American sculpture". Until Aug 24.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. **Image & Exploration.** An examination of the visual aesthetic of the photograph—based on the work of young & largely unknown British photographers—showing the influences & traditions that have affected picture-making in recent years. Until Sept 7.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. **Summer Exhibition.** The 217th in a continuous series, this annual show has been recovering its prestige for some time. A huge variety of styles & a standard that is inevitably up & down, but a good place to see both outsiders & insiders of British art. Until Aug 25. £2.20, OAPs, students, unemployed & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £1.60, children £1.10. **Tolly Cobbold/Eastern Arts Fifth National Exhibition.** A biennial prize exhibition—second in importance only to the John Moores Liverpool Exhibition—now on a national tour. Unfortunately the competition never seems to produce anything very surprising or very exciting. Aug 23-Sept 22. £1.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

66 Portland Pl, W1 (580 5533). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. **40 Under Forty.** The work of Britain's brightest young architects, with a video showing how the exhibition was conceived & the exhibits selected & a slide presentation of all the material submitted for entry. Until Aug 23.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. **Francis Bacon.** A comprehensive survey of 126 works spanning the artist's career since 1944 & concentrating on his most ambitious works—the series of triptychs. Until Aug 18. £2, OAPs, students, unemployed & children £1. July 25, Aug 1, 8, 15, 6.30pm. Introductory lectures on Bacon by Laurence Bradbury—Atterbury St entrance.)

UPSTAIRS GALLERY

Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1 (734 7763). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm. Closed Aug 26. **Pictures of London.** Contemporary

ary paintings, prints & drawings whose theme is the capital, by David Gentleman, Paul Hogarth, Julian Trevelyan, Nick Andrew & others, go on show alongside a mixed exhibition of works by gallery artists. Prices from £40 to £400. Aug 1-31

Out of town

NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND

The Mound, Princes St, Edinburgh (031-556 8921). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Tribute to Wilkie.** A celebration of the bicentenary of one of Scotland's greatest artists, Sir David Wilkie (1785-1841), with some of his most popular works & those of his Victorian painter-followers (Landseer, Frith, Rossetti). July 26-Oct 13.

PALLANT HOUSE GALLERY

9 North Pallant, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 774557). Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm. **Strands & Shorelines.** The coast from Rye to Weymouth as a holiday pleasure ground in paintings, prints, photographs & drawings from c 1850. Until Aug 31. 50p, OAPs, students & children 30p.

PARNHAM HOUSE

Beaminster, Dorset (0308 862204). Wed, Sun & Aug 26 10am-5pm. **New British Leatherwork.** This show, arranged by Cirencester Workshops, demonstrates all aspects of a craft which has not so far attracted much attention. July 28-Aug 28.

JANET JORDAN

watercolours. July 31-Aug 28.

SAINSBURY CENTRE FOR VISUAL ARTS

University of East Anglia, Norwich (0603 56161). Tues-Sun noon-5pm. **Foster Associates: Six Architectural Projects.** In one of their own buildings, itself treated as a live exhibit, this leading firm of architects shows plans, drawings, photographs & architectural models for their major projects, which include the Renault Centre in Swindon & Willis Faber & Dumas headquarters in Ipswich. Until Sept 1. 50p.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Queen St, Edinburgh (031-556 8921). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Treasures of Fyvie.** Fyvie Castle & its contents were recently saved for the nation. This is a first showing of its treasures: a glamorous Duveen-style collection of 18th-century portraits brought together by a 19th-century steel-magnate. Until Sept 29. £1, children free.

SUTTON PLACE

Nr Guildford, Surrey (0483 504455). Wed-Sun.

Contemporary Art for Museums. A selection of recent purchases made by the Contemporary Art Society for eventual distribution to galleries. Until Aug 25. (Viewing included in tours of the house & gardens: phone for further details.)

YORKSHIRE SCULPTURE PARK

Bretton Hall College, West Bretton, Wakefield, W Yorks (092 485 579). Daily 10am-6pm. **California Sculpture Show.** Much new American sculpture is plain awful, especially considering the huge opportunities open to sculptors. But this show offers some good names, still little known here, among them Robert Arneson & Charles Arnoldi. Until Aug 15

MUSEUMS

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 3204). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Snoopy & Charlie Brown are 35 years old.** Original drawings for the Peanuts comic strip—whimsy, American-style. Until Sept 1.

BRITISH MUSEUM

GT Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Buddhism: Art & Faith.** 400 objects, chosen from the Museum's & the British Library's much greater store, provide a comprehensive survey of Buddhism in all its varieties, including the now fashionable, colourful & mystical Tantrism. July 25-Jan 5, 1986.

British Library: G. F. Handel (1685-1759) & J. S. Bach & the Bach Revival in England. A commemoration of the tercentenaries of the births of Handel & Bach, in separate displays: Handel exhibits include manuscripts & prints; Bach's are concerned with the revival of his music in England in the 19th century by devotees such as Wesley. Until Nov 3.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, Forest Hill, SE23 (699 1872). Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Inusivut—The Inuit Way.** A survey of Inuit (Eskimo) culture in the Canadian Arctic & the radical changes to which it is being submitted. Until Aug 12. **Nigeria: Cross River Exhibition.** Items from South-East Nigeria commissioned last year, side by side with pieces from the same area in the museum collection. The message is the importance of the survival of tradi-

tional arts & need for "rescue ethnography"

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, Covent Gdn, WC2 (379 6344). Daily 10am-6pm. **London Transport at War.** In the First World War London buses were used as troop transport on the Western Front (videos show interviews with veteran bus drivers); in the Second, London Transport kept services running despite the blackout & the Blitz & provided shelter for Londoners in Underground stations. Every aspect of LT in both wars, with displays of blackout lamps, uniforms, photographs & posters. Until Nov 27. £2, OAPs & children £1, family ticket £4.80

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **The Quiet Conquest: the Huguenots 1685-1985.** A lively survey with a sound scholarly foundation, devoted to a fascinating & topical theme. The Huguenots were the European "boat people" of the 17th century. English culture owes them much. Until Oct 31.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **Jubilee Silver.** A 25th anniversary celebration for the Museum, which was granted its Royal Charter in 1960, brings out much magnificent military silver: regimental presentation pieces such as the enormous figure of Victory, sword aloft, commemorating the services of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers in the Indian Mutiny, & personal items such as a French silver shaving box looted at the Battle of Vitoria in 1813 Aug 15-Dec 31

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Drawn from Nature.** A bicentenary exhibition in which the life & work of the American naturalist & bird painter John James Audubon (1785-1851) are explored, with original books, supporting prints & specimens on display to show the production process that lay behind his best-known work, *The Birds of America*. Until Sept 29.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **Watercolours by R. P. Bonington & his Associates; & Samuel Prout.** Bonington has been described as "the English Giorgione" because of his early death & widespread influence over other artists. This is the second in the V&A's British watercolour series. Until Sept 15. **Julia Margaret Cameron.** The great Victorian lion-huntress-with-a-camera is as absurd & impressive as ever—much better than her idol, the painter George Frederick Watts. Aug 14-Oct 6.

Out of town

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, OXFORD

30 Pembroke St, Oxford (0865 722733). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Hiroshima: Paintings by Survivors.** From the collection of the Hiroshima Peace & Culture Foundation, works by survivors of the atomic bomb—seen for the first time in Europe—illustrate their memories of that tragic event. **Arnulf Rainer: Hiroshima Cycle.** Arnulf Rainer bases his own version of our capacity for destruction on documentary photographs taken a few days after the explosion. **Stephen Cox: Sculpture.** His large, carved reliefs in marble & other stones, tondos & lunettes & freestanding carvings are classical in their imagery, materials & techniques. All Aug 4-Sept 29.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES OF SCOTLAND

Queen St, Edinburgh (031-557 3550). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 1-5pm. "I am come home": **Treasures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart.** Recently saved from export, Bonnie Prince Charlie's splendid silver canteen is the centrepiece of a show of objects used by the Prince in Scotland. The sponsor (very appropriate to the subject) is Glenmorangie. Until Nov 3.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF PHOTOGRAPHY, FILM & TELEVISION

Prince's View, Bradford, W Yorks (0274 727488). Tues-Sun 11am-6pm. **American Images: Photography 1945-80.** From London's Barbican Art Gallery, 400 works by 80 photographers that trace the development of American photography as an art form. Until Sept 22. **Harry Benson: Photojournalist.** 16 years' photojournalism on *Life* magazine. Until Aug 18.

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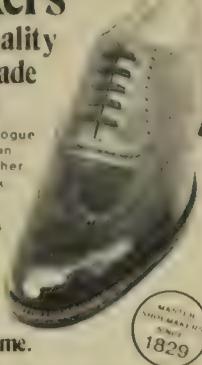
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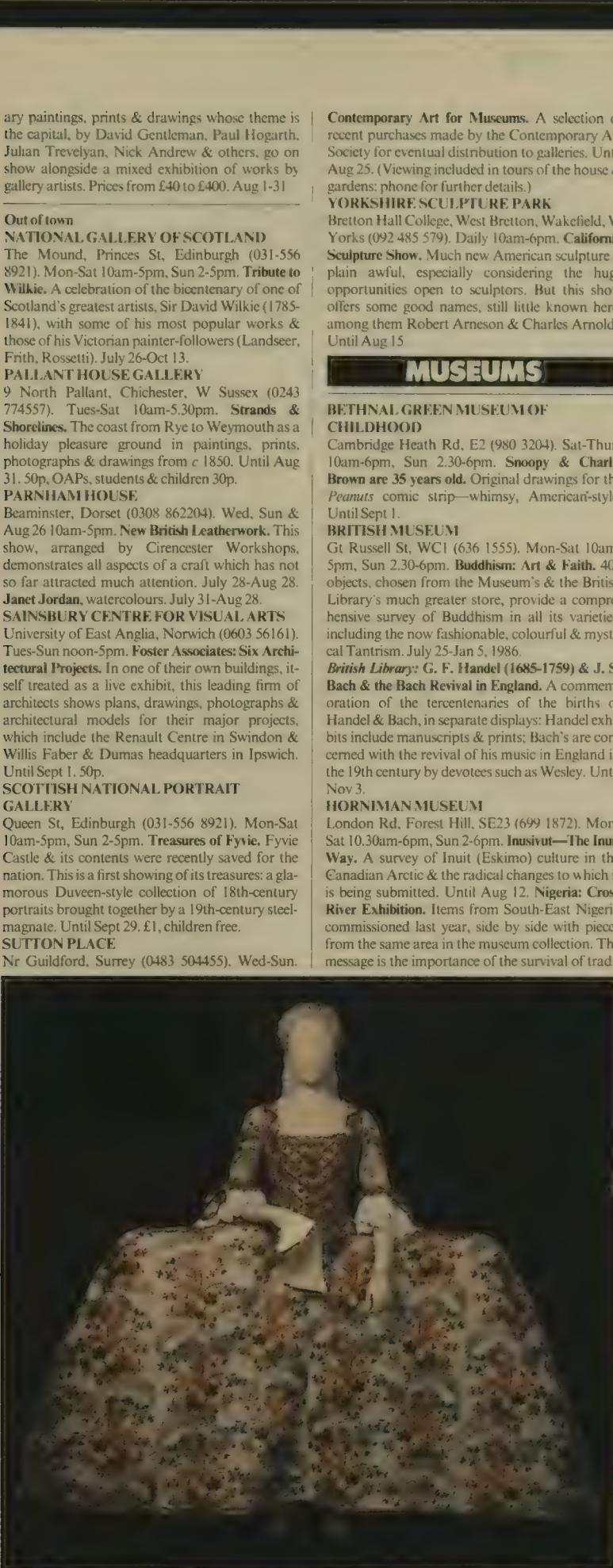
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An exceptional example of 18th-century formal wear, this stunning dress is now on display in the Museum of London's Georgian Gallery. It belonged to Mrs Ann Fanshawe, Lady Mayoress during her father Crisp Gascoyne's year of office as Lord Mayor of London in 1752-53. Recently acquired by the Museum from one of Mrs Fanshawe's descendants, it has undergone extensive restoration. The gown, of silk woven in Spitalfields, is brocaded with flowers spilling from cornucopia. The hops and wheat reflect the family's involvement in brewing and the corn trade. It has a small folded train and a petticoat shaped to fit the side hoops.

RESTAURANTS

ALEX FINER

According to the legend, three rosettes in the Michelin means "cooking worth a special journey". How far, I wondered, should a sane man be prepared to go for dinner? We had been travelling hopefully for hours on minor roads from Nice and now simply wanted to arrive. We succumbed to the spider's web of motorway which covers Lyons and then drove north on the N83. **Alain Chapel**, named after its owner-chef, lay 13 miles away in the village of Mionnay.

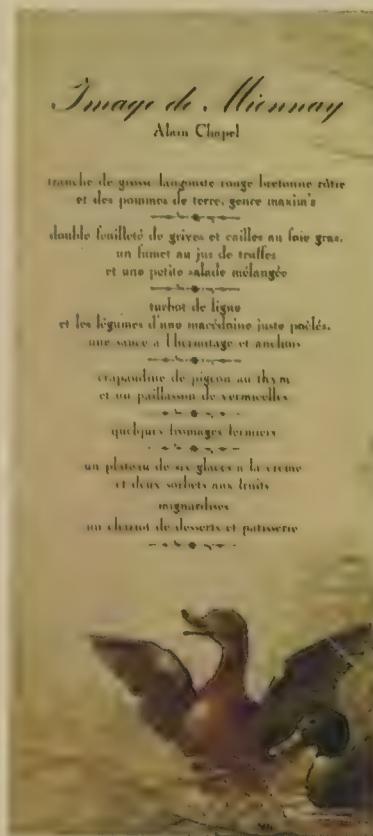
First impressions were gravely disappointing. The restaurant (with 12 bedrooms) has an unprepossessing stucco façade right up against the main road facing a steady stream of speeding traffic. Its location fails to inspire confidence. But a courtyard leads to an inner glass-doored sanctum and we entered a world of rough stone-flagged floors, wooden beams and comfortable furnishings. The welcome was warm; the atmosphere unfussy. The bedroom to which we were shown was inviting, well away from the road, and the countdown to dinner was under way.

To shake off the journey and to sharpen tastebuds, I went for a run in the flat, surrounding farmland where the barking dogs proved disconcerting. On my return I came across *chefs-de-partie* and *commis-chefs* in their whites playing *boules* off a side street before the evening's labours. Some 12 chefs work in the main kitchens which are equipped with stainless steel walk-in fridges and huge, hooded ranges; the four *pâtisserie* chefs occupy separate quarters.

Before Alain Chapel became a super-star French chef, he had trained here in his father's one-rosette restaurant, then known as La Mère Charles, was apprenticed to Jean Vignard, and then to Paul Mercier at La Pyramide and returned, aged 29, to La Mère Charles as head chef, to win a second Michelin rosette within two years. In 1973, as owner-chef after his father's death, he changed the restaurant's name on gaining the rare distinction of a third rosette.

Such status brings with it considerable marketing power; hence the wide selection of monogrammed articles on view and for sale: wine, jam, plates, cutlery, recipe books and so forth. It is the least attractive sign of success. But unlike, for instance, Paul Bocuse of nearby Collonges-au-Mont-d'Or who travels abroad for much of the year, Alain Chapel can be seen in the morning cutting flowers from the garden for the table. He personally greets customers, most of them local, as they arrive. Entering the dining-room feels more like attending a celebrity performance than a meal.

Teams of waiters, bow-tied and black-jacketed, move with precision through the three inter-connected dining areas, balancing trays and posi-



tioning serving tables. There are white linen and silver candelabra on spacious tables set with octagonal white plates printed with a large flower motif. The champagne *apéritif* arrives with an *amuse-gueule* of tiny gudgeon from Lake Annecy with parsley, both crisply fried, and served in a crown-shaped folded napkin.

There is an *à la carte* menu from which, at 300 francs (£25.25) and at 400 francs (£33.70), two set selections are offered of six and seven courses respectively, some fortunately served in small portions. A 400 franc spring menu is reproduced above. (The dessert tray, carried by two waiters, is offered *in addition* to the choice of six ice-creams and two sorbets served from small silver milk churns with lids and chains.)

Quality begins with fine ingredients, as exemplified by the langoustine. Alain Chapel's general practice is to deal with long-term, regular suppliers rather than at markets. He takes no short cuts and lets little go to waste. The *fumet*,

made from truffle peelings simmered in a heavy wine, made the taste of thrush and quail seem quite wonderful.

Recipes are most precisely prepared and presented. Many dishes are long-standing specialities. They often employ an element of surprise such as delicate offal hidden within pastry, anchovy in a sauce for turbot served with turnip. The pigeon, tiny and pink, is served spatch-cocked, graphically described as toadlike in shape. It comes with, of all things, fried vermicelli. I cannot report on the cheeses, having been too full and desirous instead of an almond paste *gâteau praliné* and a complicated version of strawberry cream cake.

The wine list, with calligraphy by Jean-Pierre Blaise, is no frivolous matter. It is comprehensive and has depth. There is a choice, for example, of 10 Volnays and 10 Pommards, of 23 armagnacs and 46 champagnes. Keeping well clear of the serious prices (1,800 francs or £151.50 for a Château Latour, 1967, for instance), we drank a most acceptable young Brouilly at 75 francs (£6.30) which went well with several courses. We splashed out by starting with a half-bottle of Puligny-Montrachet, Les Pucelles, 1982, at 170 francs (£14.30) and a glass of splendid 1964 Calvados to conclude. How any diner, after such a meal, could contemplate getting into a car and driving into the night beats me—but many did. We staggered contented to bed.

□ Alain Chapel, 01390 Mionnay, near Lyons, France (tel: 010 33 7 891 82 02). Wed-Sun noon-2pm, Tues-Sun 7.30-9pm. Closed January. Double room 500-700 francs (£42-£58), best booked in advance.

GOOD EATING GUIDE

The Aldwych Brasserie

Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2400). Daily 6.30-1am.

A daily changing blackboard menu provides varied brasserie fare from early morning in appropriately casual surroundings. Though part of the Waldorf Hotel, the restaurant has a separate entrance & is useful before & after the theatre. CC All £

The Berkeley

Wilton Pl, SW1 (235 6000). Sun-Fri 12.45-2.15pm, 6.45-10.45pm.

Plain English & fancy French cooking is served

A matter of opinion

Restaurateur Michael Chow, with Mr Chow Chinese restaurants in London, New York and Los Angeles, has had a taste of sweet-and-sour law-suits in America recently. In 1983 a jury awarded him \$20,000 after concluding that the publisher of a guidebook had libelled him in panning the fashionable New York Mr Chow's. The reviewer had commented that, *inter alia*, the green peppers were frozen, the fried rice was soaking in oil, the pancakes were as thick as a finger, and the service was bad.

However, the US Court of Appeal has now overturned the decision, noting, "The natural function of a review is to convey the

critic's opinion of the restaurant that is being reviewed... Perhaps Mr Chow could prove that the reviewer's personal tastes are bizarre and his opinions unreasonable, but that does not destroy their entitlement to constitutional protection."

The position is much the same in Britain, I discover, after taking counsel's advice. The defence to a lawsuit over a bad review would be "fair comment" and you can even make minor errors of fact provided that the article is "substantially correct". Nonetheless I shall avoid all comment on Mr Chow's Knightsbridge establishment for a while in case he has not had the same advice.

with attention to detail. The daily main course & dessert trolleys deserve consideration. Floral silk panels, pelmets & curtains have replaced the garish wisteria décor. CC All £££

Le Bistroquet

273 Camden High St, NW1 (485 9607). Mon-Fri 11.30am-11.30pm, Sat, Sun 9.30am-11.30pm.

Some imaginative dishes, competitively priced, at this long, stepped restaurant which is best enjoyed near the bar area at the front or on the terrace in the summer. CC All ££

The Chicago Pizza Pie Factory

17 Hanover Sq, W1 (629 2669). Mon-Sat 11.45am-11.30pm.

The only real decision is which of the deep-dish pizzas to eat at this popular basement venue with its authentic memorabilia & radio station tapes from the Windy City. CC None £

La Finezza

62/64 Lower Sloane St, SW1 (730 8639). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.45pm, 7-11.30pm.

Unmistakably Italian in atmosphere & décor, with plenty of offal & game on an ambitious menu. CC All ££

Golden Duck

6 Hollywood Rd, SW10 (352 3500). Sat, Sun 1-3pm, daily 7-11pm.

Peking cuisine strong on dumplings, & duck with pancakes. Also a south-west China menu of Szechuan & Hunan dishes. Hot towels between courses. CC AmEx, Bc, DC ££

The Greenhouse

27a Hay's Mews, W1 (499 3331). Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11pm.

Try the chef's daily specialities or choose from the short menu with its splendid rice pudding. This plain, garden-level dining room is situated beneath a quiet 1930s mews block of flats. CC All ££

Joe Allen

13 Exeter St, WC2 (836 0651). Mon-Sat noon-1am, Sun noon until midnight.

A cheapish, fun place to eat, especially late at night. Caesar salad, carrot cake & pecan pie are all recommended from the American menu in this crowded basement. CC None £

Last Days of the Raj

22 Drury Lane, WC2 (836 1628). Mon-Sat noon-2.30pm, Mon-Sun 6-11.30pm.

The Bangladeshi co-operative who also own Lal Qila & The Red Fort built their reputation here with fine Indian food. Excellent vegetables, delicate spices, sizzling tandooris. CC All ££

Maxim's de Paris

Panton St, SW1 (839 4809). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.45pm.

This London version of Maxim's has earned itself a regular clientele. High prices, fine food, valet parking in the evening & sumptuous Art Nouveau décor. CC All £££

Pier 31

31 Cheyne Walk, SW3 (352 4989/5006). Daily noon-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm.

An intriguing mixture of Japanese & French dishes from chef Mikoto are elegantly presented in "post-modern" black marble & grey surroundings with Art Deco appeal. Attracts a trendy clientele. Sunday brunch for £9.50. CC All ££

Read's

152 Old Brompton Rd, SW5 (373 2445). Daily 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11pm.

Attentive service & agreeable décor. Caroline Swatland's highly ingenious & predominantly French menu has won many admirers. CC All ££

The Wilfred

Moored along the Embankment, opposite Temple Underground (379 5496). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 5.30-11.30pm.

This 1926 Thames sailing barge, moored on the former site of the RSS *Discovery*, is an unusual setting for a wine bar & restaurant. Unambitious, fresh salads, steaks & seafood. CC A, Bc ££

A changing selection of *ILN* recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated prices are based on the average cost of an *à la carte* meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £25; ££ £25-£50; £££ above £50.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diners Club; A = Access (Master Charge); Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as CC All.

HOTELS

HILARY RUBINSTEIN

If you are lucky with the weather, it is hard to beat a Scottish island for staggering scenic beauty. The Western Isles are singularly well endowed with hospitable and reasonably priced hotels. But be prepared for bad weather, and take Wellingtons or walking boots, and a cagoule, and a good supply of reading matter, in case the worst happens and it is too wet to go out. Farther north, the Shetlands and Orkneys, wild and often remote, have much to offer the adventurous traveller.

The northernmost hotel in this month's selection is in the Shetland Islands. Although parts of the Shetlands have been much changed by the development of the North Sea oilfields, Busta (pronounced *Boosta* and the Norwegian for "homestead"), 25 miles north of Lerwick, has been unaffected and **Busta House** is noted for its peaceful situation, overlooking its own harbour and Busta Voe. You will need a car to reach the hotel as there is no bus service from Lerwick, and even the local post office is a 40 minute walk.

The house, which dates in part from the 16th century, is one of Shetland's few listed buildings and is said to be the oldest continuously inhabited house on the island. Run by Edwin Cope (who was formerly in the Navy) and his wife Rachel (a former nurse), it is an extremely comfortable and pleasant hotel. Among its claims to fame is that it has the largest selection of single malt whiskies of any hotel in the Northern Isles. Mr Cope urges anyone wanting to visit Busta to consult him before making travel arrangements as he can advise on the easiest and cheapest ways of getting there, and arrange car hire if required. Non-smokers will welcome the fact that some of the bedrooms, the library and the dining room have been declared smoke-free areas.

At St Ola, in the Orkneys, **Foveran** is a welcoming small hotel, surrounded by rich green fields, 2½ miles from Kirkwall, the islands' capital. It is modern, having been designed by the architect owner, Bashir Hasham, comfortably furnished and centrally-heated; bedrooms are Scandinavian in design, with pleasant accents of colour. The pine-panelled restaurant, with lovely views of Scapa Flow, specializes in well prepared dishes making use of fresh local produce—Scapa scallops, North Sea squid, Westray prawns, Orkney lobster, and so on. Norma Hasham tells us the area is a happy hunting ground for archaeologists (there are relics of Stone Age man, the Picts, Celts and Vikings) and bird-watchers; and fishing in the Orkneys is free.

For real remoteness it would be hard to beat Colonsay, a small island 8 miles northwest of Jura in the Inner Hebrides, served by a thrice-weekly boat trip from Oban on the mainland, which takes two-and-a-half hours. At low tide Colonsay and its neighbour, Oronsay, merge to become one for three hours. Together they are no more than 10 miles long. They are blessed with a mild climate thanks to the North Atlantic Drift. Like the Orkneys, Colonsay has plenty of archaeological relics. The island has been owned by four generations of the Strathcona family who have created magnificent sub-tropical gardens round Colonsay House.

The **Isle of Colonsay Hotel** is the only hotel on the island and, overlooking the harbour at Scalasaig, is at the hub of the island's life. It is a cheerful and comfortable place run by Kevin Byrne who tells us that one of its functions is to provide meals and

comfort for people on passing boats. Food is fresh and excellent—even the breakfast marmalade is home-made. Bicycles are available free to adult guests, there is unlimited free fishing and those on a holiday for a week or more are entitled to one day's sailing or unlimited free golf (provided you book at least 30 days in advance).

Another small island which enjoys the North Atlantic Drift is Gigha (pronounced *Gee-ah*, meaning "God's Island" in Gaelic); it is less remote, being 3 miles off the Argyll peninsula, with regular ferry services for the half-hour trip to and from Tayinloan. Most of the island is easily explored on foot or bicycle, so leave your car on the mainland. Gigha has a splendid garden, created by Sir James Horlick (of the malted-milk nightcap) at Achamore House: 50 acres of magnolias, fuchsias, camellias, azaleas and many other flowering trees and plants. The island also offers caves, coves and white sandy beaches. **Gigha Hotel** is the well-modernized but friendly old inn of the island, looking over the Sound to the hills of Kintyre. The owners, Mr and Mrs Roebuck, offer a warm welcome; they meet you at the ferry and bring you back to tea with scones and home-made jams or bramble jelly; other wholesome home-made foods include excellent soups, bread and desserts.

- **Busta House**, Busta, Shetland (080 622 506). Three-day break £124 per person for half board.
- **Foveran**, St Ola, nr Kirkwall, Orkney (0856 2389). Single room with breakfast £17.50, double £29. Dinner about £10-£15.
- **Isle of Colonsay Hotel**, Colonsay, Strathclyde (095 12 316). Weekly half-board £189 per person; half-board £20 per day after September 2.
- **Gigha Hotel**, Isle of Gigha, Strathclyde (058 35 254). Bed and breakfast £17.50 per person (£20 with a bath); dinner about £10.

The above tariffs include VAT. The hotels do not make a service charge.

Bathroom beasts

Hotels that pride themselves on being right up to date are often inclined these days to stick wrappers saying "sanitized" over the lavatories after their daily clean-up, and put tumblers into transparent paper bags. No doubt it is a good thing that they are taking hygiene seriously, but to me it smacks of so much specious packaging. Meanwhile, far more important elements in bathroom comfort are being ignored.

Take towels, for instance: how frequently are the towels too small, or too poor in quality or threadbare through use, to dry effectively. I care much more about being given one decent-sized bath towel than having three or four towels over the rails, but nothing adequate for the human frame.

Lighting is another matter that often offends: not enough or in the right place for making up, shaving, and for reading in the bath. And how frequently one finds that the bathroom designer has given no thought to the shelving to hold one's sponge bag, cosmetics, shaving equipment and whatnot. Electric fans are another source of irritation, if there is no way of using the bathroom without setting off a noisy whirr. Finally, there is the ultimate bathroom offence that is perpetrated even in many high-priced establishments: an inadequate supply of hot water when—as so often happens—all the guests decide to take their bath at the same time in the evening.

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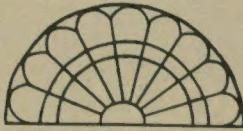
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BRIEFING

OUT OF TOWN

ANGELA BIRD

WITH THE OVERTHROW of Richard III at Bosworth Field in Leicestershire on August 22, 1485, Henry Tudor seized the crown of England and founded the Tudor dynasty. The two-hour battle was the culmination of the Wars of the Roses—the 30 years' feud between the Houses of York and Lancaster—and the last time that an English king personally led his troops in battle, or that armoured knights rode into action.

A 10 day festival at Market Bosworth, from August 17, offers daily live entertainment, with pageants during both weekends and on the actual anniversary of the battle. There are jousting tournaments on August 18 and 24, a 15th-century tourney between knights on foot, wielding axes, maces and swords, on August 17, a re-enactment of the battle by 300 members of the Plantagenet Society on August 25 and, on August 22, the arrival of "Henry Tudor" and his supporters at the end of a 16-day march from Dale in Pembrokeshire, accompanied by troops, carts and any volunteers who may have "joined up" along the way. The final event, on August 26, is a re-enactment of a Civil War skirmish that took place 159 years later on the same field.

The Battlefield Centre, open daily from 11am until 5pm, has been greatly extended and refurbished for this quincentenary year. The progress of the fighting on Ambion Hill is explained with models, maps, dioramas and audio-visual displays (including excerpts from the Laurence Olivier film of *Richard III*), and a 1 1/4 mile trail indicates the positions of the opposing sides with panoramic boards on which are superimposed outlines of the ghostly warriors of 1485.

EVENTS

AVON

Bristol Harbour events, St Augustine's Reach, Bristol. Aug 3, 4 & 26.

During the two-day **Bristol Unigate Regatta** (Aug 3, 4) up to 300 boats are moored almost in the centre of the city, with waterborne displays & stunts & sky-divers. Saturday evening events in & around the Watershed arts centre culminate in a spectacular firework display. Sat 10am-10pm, Sun 10am-6pm. **Summer Spectacular**, more land- & water-based events. Aug 26, 10am-6pm. Programme from Tourist Information Office, Colston St, Bristol (0272 293891).

DORSET

Great Dorset Steam Fair, Stourpaine Bushes, nr Blandford. Aug 29-Sept 1, 11am-midnight.

A black pall of smoke hangs above the 500 acre site as hundreds of engines get up steam. Brilliantly painted fairground rides twist and dip, gaily illuminated with hundreds of light bulbs as dusk falls; steam organs compete noisily with one another; two traction engines tirelessly haul a plough backwards & forwards on a giant steel hawser. Other events include parades by vintage cars & agricultural vehicles, steam threshing & woodsawing demonstrations & plenty of rural crafts & produce. £2, OAPs £1, first accompanied child free, others £1.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Bosworth 500 celebrations, Battlefield Centre, Market Bosworth, nr Leicester. Aug 17-26.

See introduction. £1, OAPs & children 60p; Aug 17, 18, 22, 25, 26, £2 & £1. Full details from the Battlefield Centre (0455 290429).

LOTHIAN

Edinburgh International Festival, Edinburgh. Aug 11-31.

This year's theme, the "Auld Alliance" between France & Scotland, is celebrated in exhibitions, plays, music & dance (see pp 70, 74, 75, 78). The Festival Cavalcade opens proceedings at 2.30pm on Aug 11, the Moscow State Circus appears from Aug 21 to 26, & spectacularly colourful hot-air balloons fly from Holyrood Park at 7pm on Aug 31 & Sept 1. Box office: 21 Market St, Edinburgh.

NORTH YORKSHIRE

Barnstorming at the Towers, Carlton

Towers, nr Selby. Aug 25, 2-9pm.

Children's events, followed by microlight & hot-air balloon flying, begin the afternoon's diversions; 6.45pm, grand flying display with 1920s-style "flying circus" stunts like wing-walking, flour bombing, acrobatic manoeuvres, & limbo-flying where two pilots compete to fly through the smallest space possible, beneath a streamer fixed between two poles held by a ground crew. A fireworks spectacular rounds off the evening. Entry fee includes admission to the Yorkshire home of the Duke of Norfolk, a Victorian Gothic building containing family uniforms, paintings, furniture & a priest's hole. £2, OAPs & children £1.

WILTSHIRE

Pentax Day, Lacock Abbey, nr Chippenham. Aug 3, 11am-5.30pm.

Camera enthusiasts are offered the opportunity to photograph three girls in Victorian dress against the background of William Henry Fox Talbot's former home. The 16th-century barn, outside the Abbey gates, is now an informative museum of Fox Talbot's pioneering work in photography (open daily 11am-6pm, 80p, children 40p); a current exhibition shows pictures by 50 celebrated modern photographers on the theme of The Window, in honour of Fox Talbot's first experiments 150 years ago when light passing through a lattice window produced an image on a sensitive plate. The National Trust has preserved the entire village of Lacock, once a prosperous centre of the wool trade, so allow plenty of time to explore its charming streets. Abbey & grounds £1.70; grounds & cloisters only 60p; children half-price.

GARDENS

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Cliveden, nr Taplow, Daily 11am-6pm.

Formal gardens with breathtaking views of the Thames & miles of wooded walks. The house, built in 1851, is closed this year during its conversion to a hotel. Mon-Wed £1.40, other days & Aug 26 £1.80. **Moving Stage Marionette Company**. Puppet plays given on an old Thames barge, moored by the boathouse. Aug 10-18, 2.30pm & 7.30pm. £4, children £2. Advance booking from Cliveden (06286-5069).

CORNWALL

Cotehele, St Dominick, nr Saltash. Daily 11am-6pm.

Gardens on several levels leading down to the River Tamar, picturesque buildings on the quay, & the restored sailing barge *Shamrock*; manorial watermill & medieval dovecote. Medieval house with original furniture, armour, tapestries & needlework. £2.50 for house, garden & mill, £1.50 for garden & mill only, children half-price. St Endellion Players present Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* in the garden on Aug 5, 6. Theatre Set-Up perform *The Merry Wives of Windsor* on Aug 20, 21. All performances 7.30pm, tickets in advance from 0579 50434. £3.50 for seats, £2.50 on the grass, children £2. Pre-booked theatre suppers in the barn restaurant, £5.

KENT

Great Maytham Hall, Rovenden, nr Tenterden. Wed, Thurs 2-5pm.

The walled garden here provided Frances Hodgson Burnett with the inspiration for *The Secret Garden*. The house she lived in was replaced in 1910 by an imposing one designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. It is now converted into flats, but some parts may be visited. 50p, children 25p.



Moscow State Circus's musical clown, Elena Gordeeva: at the Edinburgh Festival.

burgh EH1 1BW (031-226 4001, cc 031-225 5756) & Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 6767, cc). Running concurrently: **Edinburgh Festival Fringe**, Aug 9-31. Box office: 170 High St, EH1 1QS (031-226 5257). **Edinburgh International Film Festival** (see p72), Aug 10-25. Full programme £1.50. Filmhouse, 88 Lothian Rd, EH3 9BZ (031-228 6382). **Edinburgh Military Tattoo**, Aug 9-31. Box office: 22 Market St, EH1 1QB (031-225 1188). **Edinburgh Book Festival**, Charlotte Sq Gardens, Aug 10-25. Programme from 25a South West Thistle Street Lane, EH2 1EW (031-225 1915).

MIDDLESEX

Gilbert & Sullivan Festival, Grims Dyke Hotel, Old Redding, Harrow Weald. Aug 21-24, 7.30pm.

Open-air performances of *The Mikado* in its centenary year in the gardens of this Tudor-style house, now a hotel. Bring a picnic to eat during the one-hour interval, or order one from the hotel (approx £5 a person). W. S. Gilbert lived at the house until his death in 1911 (he died while attempting to rescue a friend from the lake). Tickets £6.50, £8.50 & £10.50 from 954 4227.

NORTH YORKSHIRE

Barnstorming at the Towers, Carlton



The Elizabeth of Glamis' Rose Musical Box

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother most graciously chose one of her favourite pieces of music, the *Grande Valse Brillante* in E Flat Major by Frederic Chopin from the ballet *Les Sylphides*, for this superb musical box which features a three-dimensional impression of the Elizabeth of Glamis rose. The technique involved is highly skilled and is seen only occasionally on 18th-century enamels. The detail of this lovely box is defined in 24 carat gold on an ivory background with the flowers hand-painted in soft colours. This is the most luxuriant decoration achieved by Halcyon Days since their revival of Bilston enamels in 1970.
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